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The Cover

MIRROR, mirror on the wall. Who is the fairest one of all? No doubt the husband with the Santa Claus chin would claim that *he* was—especially when his career girl wife takes advantage of masculine chivalry to try that new make-up technique straight out of the morning newspaper. And they both have to be at work by nine. . . . But cover artist Laurent has left him with at least one reflection—that he first promised to install a second mirror in the bathroom months ago. . . .

Free Speech

JOHN BULL and ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our ture, "We Advise."

Crime College

I HAVE had a lifetime of crime. Recently I was released from prison after serving a two-year sentence. During many months of that period my cell neighbour was a fresh-faced youth of twenty. Three other youngsters, all under twenty-five, were in the same work party as myself.

Those youths were eager to learn the tricks of the crime trade from me, for in my fifty years I have had fifteen convictions for various offences. Knowing every move on the crime board, I was in a position to do untold harm to those young prisoners, all of whom were in for simple forms of theft.

I could have enlightened them on the art of safe-breaking. I could have told them how to make skeleton keys, the correct method of opening Yale locks, how to identify valuable furs and silver plate. . . .

But I did not put them wise to these tricks of the trade. For I saw in those youngsters a picture of my own wasted youth. To have encouraged them on the path which leads to preventive detention would have made me feel like a modern Fagin.

Now I want to know why the government allows young people to be contaminated by old and hardened criminals.

I firmly believe that Mr. R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, has his heart and soul in the task of improving our criminal code. But it would be a pity if he were ignorant of evils which cry out for rectification.

As I am trying to get to grips with a better life, I beg that you keep my address secret.—A. HILL, London.

Joint Action

My husband and I opened a joint account with the Post Office Savings Bank. We now find that, when withdrawing money, both of us must be present at the post office to sign the form.

I understand that ordinary banks do not necessarily require both signatures to get money out of a joint account.

Why, then, should the G.P.O. have this inconvenient rule?—S. E. H., Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.4.

"That rule is necessary to protect depositors," says the G.P.O. "Remember that customers of commercial banks generally deal only with individual branches. Thus each bank staff has a personal knowledge of its customers. But our depositors can deal at any of thousands of post offices, making personal knowledge impossible."

Pay Queue

Self-service shops may solve staffing problems for the proprietors, but they do not save time for shoppers.

The other Saturday morning I called for my week's groceries at a help-yourself store. I collected everything I needed in five minutes, and congratulated myself on my wisdom in trying this new method.

But I was too optimistic. With my laden basket, I then had to join a long queue at the pay desk. Nearly a quarter of an hour passed before I was allowed to hand over my money.

In future, I'll spend my time gossiping to the old-fashioned grocer.—V. J., Liverpool.

On The Brink

Is the country ramble becoming a thing of the past? With farmers ploughing their fields right up to

the edge, there are no longer many footpaths to walk along.

Surely these comparatively small strips of land do not make much difference to farmers' economy?—W. J. LAKE, Felsted, Dunmow, Essex.

"It is an offence for farmers to plough up footpaths unless they give at least seven days' notice to the local authority of their intention to do so," says the Ramblers' Association. "And, under law, they must restore the footpath as soon as possible after ploughing.

"It's certainly true that extended ploughing is seriously hampering the ramblers."

Strike Damage

A trade union in Germany has had to pay damages to the employers because of an illegal strike. Could employers in Britain be given the same right to damages in a court of law?—J. M., Moray, Scotland.

"It would require an Act of Parliament," says a barrister. "There's no such right as the law stands."

The Misfits

Having been in the furnishing trade for more than twenty years, I am surprised that no attempt is made to standardize measurements in houses now being built.

For example, wells are made which do not fit doormats of normal size.

When mats have to be made specially to fit wells, the cost is greatly increased.—A. TONKIN, Camborne, Cornwall.

"The trouble is that there are no rigidly accepted sizes for doormats," says the British Standards Institution. "We could easily lay down specifications, but so far there has been no demand for us to do so."

Freedom Cards

Books of bus tickets may be a failure in Britain ("Free Speech," November 8), but a similar scheme assisted the escape of hundreds of Allied airmen during the last war. I am one of them.

I was shot down over Belgium in 1943 and was on the run for nine months. My continued freedom—which included an escape from the Gestapo—was aided tremendously by the "card" system of the Brussels tramways.

One could buy a card on the trams, bearing twenty-five place names. It was merely handed to the conductor and he clipped it. There was never any need to ask for a destination.

This, of course, almost overcame any language difficulty. And, even more important, if circumstances became awkward, one could leave the tram at any point without raising suspicion. For the clipping by the conductor entitled the passenger to a journey of any length. —A. G. DUMBRELL, Bromley, Kent.

Count Down

When I was young, whether we were starting races or setting off rockets, we began with the words "One—two—three—GO!"

Nowadays, space missiles and almost everything else are launched with a "count down"—usually beginning at ten and moving back to zero.

Why the change? Is it merely to dramatize the occasion, or is it just

another symptom of our topsy-turvy world?—M. E., Dunoon, Argyll.

"There's a perfectly good reason," says a scientist. "The count down makes immediately clear the number of seconds left before the critical moment."

Wells Wins

I do not accept the statement that no professional boxer can "live" in the ring with a competent wrestler ("Free Speech," November 15).

Shortly before the last war, the famous Bombardier Billy Wells fought a well-known wrestler and defeated him in the first round.

Wells had been retired for many years at the time.—DONALD MCDERMOTT, Cosham, near Portsmouth.

"That was at the Empress Stadium, Earls Court, London, in December, 1938," says ex-British heavyweight champion Billy Wells, now aged seventy-one. "My opponent was the heavyweight wrestler Chick Knight.

"Knight tried to get a lock on me, but I kept away from him, landed some solid punches and soon had him in trouble.

"Then Knight broke the rules by abandoning wrestling and hitting me with his bare fists. He was disqualified after ninety seconds."

That Moon

The statement by the London Planetarium on the moon's hidden side ("Free Speech," November 8) is inaccurate.

According to the Planetarium, "we see over a period about seventy per cent of the moon."

The actual figure is only fifty-nine per cent. The remaining forty-one per cent remains hidden.

It was also said that we see more

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

than half of the moon "because each rotation does not occupy exactly one month."

This is wrong. The moon turns upon its axis in precisely the same time taken for it to complete one journey round the earth.

But, whereas the rate of axial rotation is constant, the moon's velocity in its path round the earth varies—because that path is not circular. It is elliptical. That is the main—but not the only—reason why we can see fifty-nine per cent of its surface, instead of only fifty per cent.—PATRICK MOORE, F.R.A.S., East Grinstead, Sussex.

Divorce Plea

As the divorce law stands, when a spouse applies to a court for a separation order on the ground of cruelty, the acts of cruelty must be persistent. In the case of divorce, a decree may be granted on the ground of just one cruel act.

Assuming that both instances are supported by medical evidence, surely the requirement for a divorce should suffice to gain a separation?

The sweeping changes proposed by the Marriage Law Reform Society do not deal with this apparent injustice.—ALDERMAN R. J. RAINFORD, J.P., Pembroke Road, Liverpool, 20.

"Application for a separation order on the ground of one act of cruelty can be made in the High Court," says the Marriage Law Reform Society. "Magistrates deal with cases of persistent cruelty, where the evidence is often clearer."

Cash Return

The letter from the man whose money was accidentally burned ("Free Speech," November 8) reminds me of my experience after throwing a pound note on the fire.

I managed to recover the metal thread which runs through the note and took it to a post office. There I received a form, which I filled in and sent to the Accountant General's Department of the G.P.O., London. With the form, I posted the metal thread in a match box.

After answering detailed inquiries, I received full compensation exactly one month after the accident.—MRS. NELLIE E. SCREECH, Howard Road, Pomphlett, Devon.

"We act for the Bank of England in matters concerning individual members of the public," says the G.P.O. "This was arranged thirty years ago, because of our unique public contacts.

"When claims are made respecting mutilated notes, we collect the facts and send them to the bank. They then advise us on whether to replace them.

"As the bank's representatives, post offices will always replace soiled but undamaged notes with new ones."

Learning Fast

I have been taking lessons at a driving school and I am very satisfied with them. But I was not allowed to drive at more than 35 m.p.h.

Since most accidents occur at

much higher speeds, could not learners be given experience of "stepping on the gas" on specially prepared circuits? — R. A. H. FLETCHER, Arcade Terrace, Swanage, Dorset.

"A good idea," says the A.A., "but finding space for the circuits would be a problem."

Fine Point

It is popular now for officials to try to make people commit offences, in the hope of getting convictions in the courts. For example, they may try to make chemists sell them non-medical products on a Sunday.

This is a despicable practice, smacking of Gestapo methods.

Would it be possible for defendants to bring counter-charges alleging incitement to commit an offence?—I. G. HARVEY, Northload Street, Glastonbury, Somerset.

"It's a moot question," says a barrister, "but the fact is that such counter-action is never taken.

"Remember that when officials make such tests they are not themselves trying to break the law—they are testing to see that other persons are observing it. If the law is being observed, there can be no prosecution."

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NEXT WEEK

Christmas Day in the morning : Time for lovely surprises, for hugs and thankyou's, time to give presents you *know* people will like . . . like Week-End Assortment. Week-End suits everyone's taste. There's fruit jelly, marzipan and almond fouree, chocolate cherry cup, sugared almonds and a whole lot more, all delicious. Presentation boxes now in the shops, cost 10/6 for 1½ lbs. or £1 for 3 lbs. The year-round standard packs, dressed up for Christmas in gay new wrappers, are 2/9 for ½ lb, 5/6 for 1 lb. Week-End Assortment is made by Mackintosh's.

BE PROUD OF YOUR HOME
by ROGER SMITHELLS

Is it later than you think?

Clocks are keeping up with the times. Now they can run for ever—on nothing but air

I WAKE up every morning to the buzz of an alarm clock which I bought in 1920 for 5s. Its great round face is no longer fashionable, but its performance is a remarkable tribute to the British clock industry.

Basically, designs have changed very little, but cases get progressively smaller and there are refinements. The latest alarm doesn't just ring; it starts softly and works up to a crescendo until you wake up and stop it. Another new alarm treats you more gently. It rings at intervals of a few seconds until you are properly awake. Even gentler is the radio clock, built into your set, which allows soothing music to lull you to sleep, then switches itself off. In the morning it reverses the process, waking you with music, but resorting to an old-fashioned buzz ten minutes later in case the music has failed to wake you.

Flatter every year

The modern, narrow mantelpiece has encouraged the design of flat clocks, and they seem to get flatter every year. Whether you want a modern or a traditional clock there is still a bewildering variety of types from which to choose. Decide first whether you want a thirty-hour clock which needs winding daily, an eight-day clock which needs winding once a week, a four-hundred-day clock which needs winding once a year or an electric battery or mains clock which never needs winding at all.

The eight-day clock is likely to be better in quality than the thirty-hour clock, but it will also be more expensive. The four-hundred-day clock is a charming novelty which lives under a glass dome and combines the accuracy of an electric clock with the grace of a French period piece. It works by the rotation of four gleaming balls which revolve, first clockwise then anti-clockwise, with the rhythm of a ballet. Give it as a birthday or Christmas present and the owner will not have to wind it again until the next anniversary.

Pendulum clocks have lost some of their popularity. Although they last longer and keep better time than most lever mechanisms, pendulum clocks must not be moved. This is trying for the housewife with an irresistible urge to dust the mantelpiece, and today most clocks are made on the lever principle. But there is a new type of electronically operated pendulum clock, one of which is illustrated below, which works from a dry battery and is fitted with a transistor which acts as a pendulum control. The dry battery lasts for five years, during which the clock should not require any attention.

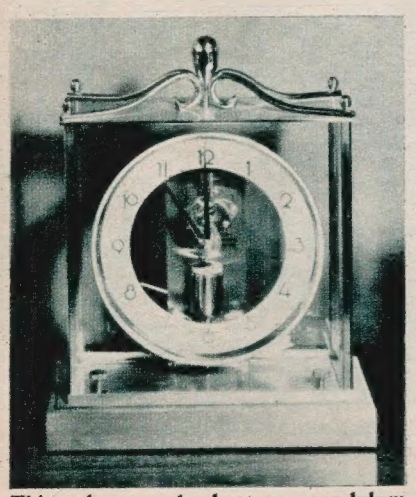
Electric mains clocks are popular because of their accuracy, their automatic operation and the fact that they can be made so flat that they take up the least possible space. The electric model is also apt to be cheaper than an equivalent hand-wound version. Some people have the mistaken idea that if an electric clock develops a fault it cannot be repaired. In fact, electric clocks can be repaired as well as any other piece of mechanism. It is also worth noting that electric power stations correct any deviation which may occur in the accurate timekeeping of electric clocks—usually during the night when the power of the generators is adjusted to make up for plus or minus deficiencies during the day.

Choose your chime

Chiming clocks have charm, but come in the luxury class. A modern chiming clock may cost from £25 to £50 and will last a lifetime if it is serviced every three years, at least. You can choose between four chimes, the Westminster, the Whittington, the St. Michael and the Winchester. Some clocks will chime the first two only: some all four.

Also in the luxury class is the clock that lives on air. This is the Atmos classic which converts the slightest temperature change into the energy needed to operate its high-precision mechanism. A change of only one degree centigrade provides sufficient energy for forty-eight hours of timekeeping. This clock needs no oiling or maintenance, costs £75 and is on display in London, at Maples.

Among the everyday clocks which most of us choose for our own homes or for presents to our friends price may depend not only on the quality of the mechanism but also on the materials and finish of the case. Plain oak, mahogany or walnut are good buys, but beware of wood cases with an over-glossy varnished finish. Among metals brass is the most widely used for clock frames and cases. Many of the beautiful reproduction Elizabethan and Cromwellian lantern clocks are made in elegant engraved brass and are now available at prices under £5. In the Picture Guide on page 30 you will find illustrations and details of some of the clocks mentioned here and a selection of other contemporary clocks at reasonable prices, any one of which could make a welcome Christmas gift.



This elegant dry-battery pendulum clock will run for five years without attention or battery renewal. The case is of gilded brass and glass. Models are available from £18 2s. 6d. This one costs £28 10s. from Maples, 149 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

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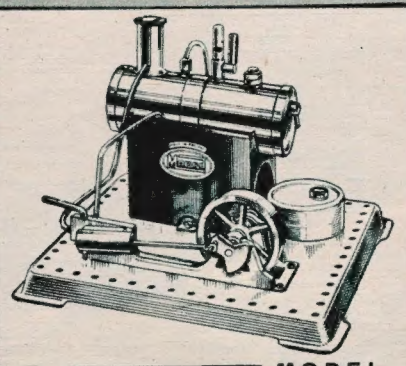

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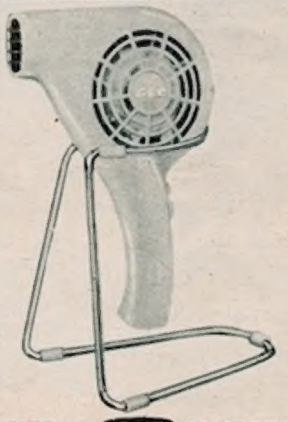

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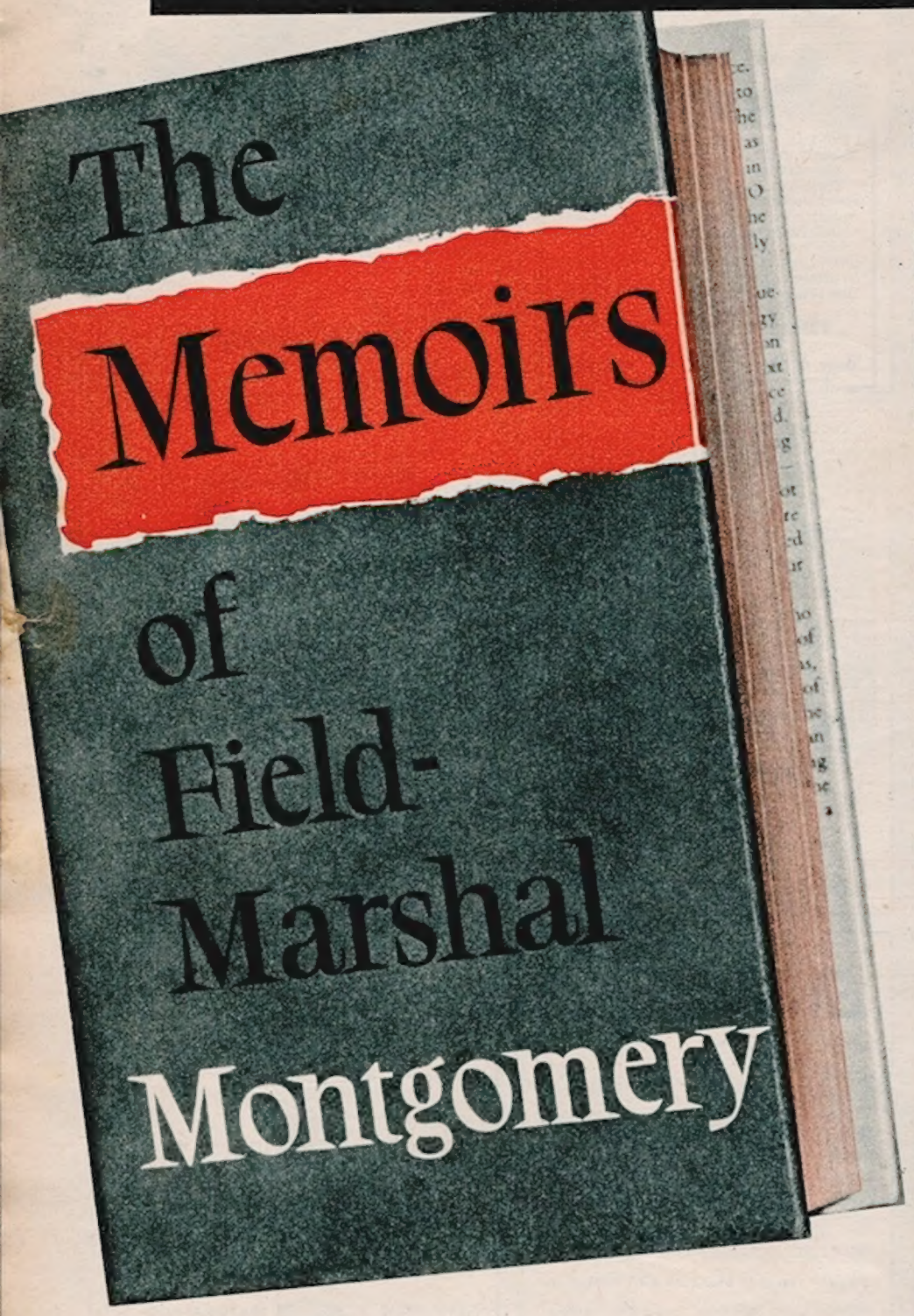


On the morning of June 7, 1944, which was D-Day plus one, I arrived off the Normandy beaches in H.M.S. Faulknor. After visits to the American area, we returned to the British sector.

The wind and sea had now dropped, the sun was shining, and the "round the fleet" trips in the destroyer were delightful; there was plenty to look at, there were ships everywhere, and blockships and artificial harbours were starting to arrive.

There was no enemy air action and there were few signs of battle on sea or land. It was difficult to imagine that on shore a battle was being fought which was deciding the fate of Europe. We anchored off the British beaches at about 8.30 p.m. and I asked Captain C. F. H. Churchill, of the Faulknor, if he could put me ashore at 7 a.m. the next morning.

We got under way at 6.30 a.m. and began to move in towards the beach on which I had asked to be landed. It was low water and, as I had asked we should get as close in as possible, the captain began sounding with hand leads and started the echo-sounder. All beach-marks were obliterated by smoke-screens.

The next thing that happened was that a slight shudder went through the ship; we were aground aft on some outlying sandbank or boulders.

I was on the quarter-deck with an *aide-de-camp*, and I sent him up to the bridge to ask if we were going to get any closer to the shore. This was not well received by the captain.

Meanwhile the facts were being explained to me on deck by the first lieutenant. When he told me we were aground I am reported to have said: "Splendid. Then the captain has got as close in as he possibly can. Now, what about a boat to put me on shore?"

I was eventually taken off in a landing-craft by some of my staff who were already on shore, and the destroyer was refloated shortly afterwards with the aid of a tug which pulled her stern round.

Our assault on D-Day had achieved tactical surprise. The weather was bad and the sea rough, but the troops were landed in good heart and at the right places. Slowly and relentlessly we made ground and extended the lodgement area.

On D-Day plus one we were five to six miles inland. By D plus four, June 10, the lodgement area was joined up into one continuous whole; it was sixty miles long and varied in depth from eight to twelve miles; it was firmly held and all anxiety had passed.

The Prime Minister and General Smuts visited me in Normandy on June 12. The Prime Minister was in first-class form. For once he was prepared to admit that I was in charge of the battle area and he must do what he was told! Before leaving he wrote in my autograph book:

"As it was in the beginning so may it continue to the end.

Winston S. Churchill."

Underneath it, Smuts wrote: "And so it will!"

It has been written that I had a row with the Prime Minister shortly before D-Day, and even threatened to resign. This is untrue. I would like to tell the true story. Here it is.

For some time before D-Day the Prime Minister had not been satisfied that we had the right balance between fighting troops and vehicles for the initial landing on the Normandy beaches. He reckoned there were not enough men with rifles and bayonets, and too many lorries, radio vehicles, and so on. He gave out that he would come to my headquarters at Broomfield House, near Portsmouth, and investigate the matter with my staff. On that, I invited him to dinner to meet my senior staff officers.

He came on May 19, 1944.

Churchill gives way

I asked him to come to my study for a short talk before meeting the others. Having got him comfortably seated I said: "I understand, sir, that you want to discuss with my staff the proportion of soldiers to vehicles landing on the beaches in the first flights. I cannot allow you to do so. My staff advise me and I give the final decision; they then do what I tell them.

"That final decision has been given. In any case I could never allow you to harass my staff at this time and possibly shake their confidence in me. They have had a terrific job preparing the invasion; that work is now almost completed, and all over England the troops are beginning to move towards the assembly areas, prior to embarkation.

"You can argue with me but not with my staff. In any case it is too late to change anything. I consider that what we have done is right; that will be proved on D-Day. If you think it is wrong, that can only mean that you have lost confidence in me."

A somewhat awkward silence followed these remarks. The Prime Minister did not reply at once, and I thought it best to make a move! So I stood up and said that if he would now come into the next room I would like to introduce him to my staff. He was magnificent.

With a twinkle in his eye he said: "I wasn't allowed to have any discussion with you gentlemen."

We had a most amusing dinner and when he left I went to bed feeling what a wonderful man he was—too big to stand on his dignity, or not to see when he was on a bad wicket.

King George came to lunch with me at Broomfield House on May 22, to say goodbye. On the next day I was to start on my final tour of the armies to address all senior officers and I gave the King a copy of my notes for those talks.

On May 23 I started on that final tour. D-Day was to be on June 5 and I had to be back in good time. I was determined to address all officers down to the lieutenant-colonel level, and to get over to them the main issues involved in the tremendous operation on which we were about to embark.

I visited every corps and divisional area, and spoke to audiences of from five hundred to six hundred officers at a time. On each occasion it was essential that I should go "all out"; if one does this properly, energy goes out of you and leaves you tired at the end. It took eight days in all and was an exhausting tour. But I am sure it did good and instilled confidence, and that was vital as the day drew near.

Allies cannot lose

In the course of each address I said: "After four and a half years of war the Allies have, by hard fighting on sea, land and in the air, worked themselves into a position where they cannot lose.

"Germany is now fighting on three fronts: in Russia, in Italy and in the Balkans. Soon she will have a fourth front—in Western Europe.

"A very great deal depends on the success of our operations. If they succeed, I consider that Germany will then begin to crack. They will succeed; and the bombing will go on, every day and all round the clock. Germany will not be able to stand it.

"If we do our stuff properly and no mistakes are made, then I believe that Germany will be out of the war this year. And Japan will be finished within six months after we have put Germany out.

"But the essential condition is that the Second Front should be a great success. And that brings me to my next point.

"When the time comes for us to operate on the Continent, no one will claim that our task will be easy.

"The enemy is in prepared positions; he has protected his beaches with obstacles; we cannot gain close contact and recce his position carefully, so as to examine the problem and ensure we have the right solution. There are, and there are bound to be, many unknown hazards. He has reserves positioned for counter-attack.

"We have a long sea journey, and at the end of it we will have to land on an enemy coast in the face of determined opposition.

A strange country

"During all this there is bound to be a certain loss of cohesion in assaulting units; and even reserves coming ashore will require a little time to collect themselves.

"The enemy will know every inch of the ground; we shall be operating in a strange country.

"But we have certain very great assets, and they are the ones that matter.

"We have the initiative; the enemy does not know where, or when, we shall land.

"We have great fire-power to support our initial landing, from the sea and from the air.

"We have a good and simple plan.

"We have well-trained troops, who are spoiling for a fight.

"We have available to see us on shore, the whole of the Allied air power in England, and this air power will continue to support our operations and to bomb Germany.

"Its strength is terrific.

"There are some 4,500 fighters and fighter-bombers; and about six thousand bombers of all types.

"Nothing has ever been seen like it before.

"Unknown hazards must have no

SHAKING THE WORLD

terrors for us. We have first-class engineers, and every kind of mechanical and special equipment.

"All we need is a very robust mentality; as difficulties appear, so they must be tackled and stamped on.

"What we have to do is to blast our way on shore, and gain ground inland quickly so that we secure a good and firm lodgement area before the enemy has time to bring his reserves into action against us.

"The violence, speed and power of our initial assault must carry everything before it.

"As a British general I regard it as an honour to serve under American command; General Eisenhower is captain of the team and I am proud to serve under him. And I regard it as a great honour to have American troops serving under my command.

"When we visit each other there should be only one idea; and that is—how can I help the other chap? Let us have no suspicion and no petty jealousy.

"Let us have, throughout, complete mutual confidence and good will, all pulling together as one great team.

"Every officer and man must be enthusiastic for the fight, and have the light of battle in his eyes. We must send our soldiers into this encounter completely on their toes; they must be imbued with that infectious optimism that comes from physical well-being and absolute conviction in a great and righteous cause.

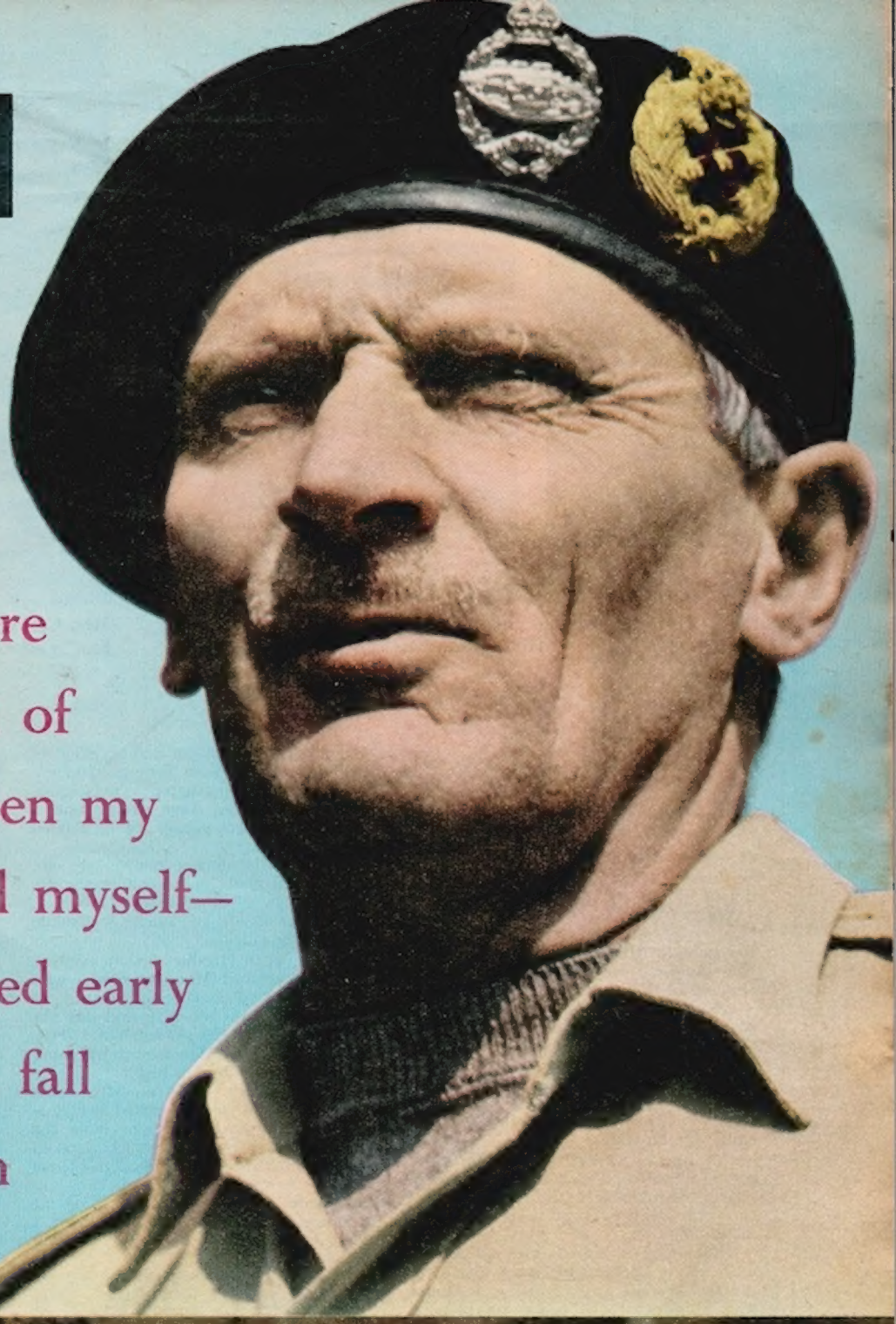
"With stout hearts, and with enthusiasm for the contest, let us go forward, to victory.

"Good luck to each one of you.

"And good hunting on the mainland of Europe."

It will be noted that I made a definite

I was the bad boy of the family. Always there was a clash of wills between my mother and myself—and I learned early to stand or fall on my own



Victory in Europe. . . . Field-Marshal Montgomery reads the terms of surrender to the German delegation at Luneberg Heath on May 4, 1945

Nearly all Montgomery's boyhood battles were with his mother —and she usually won. His father was "a saint on earth"

Mrs. Carver, the widow Montgomery married. He fell in love "for the only time in my life." Left to right: her three sons—Dick Carver, David Montgomery and John Carver

Montgomery

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statement that we could win the German war in 1944 and we would defeat Japan six months later.

We did not win the German war till May, 1945, and I will have something to say about that later. But we finished the Japanese war three months after the end of the German war.

About this time, June 1, we began to scan the weather forecasts anxiously. Owing to the various considerations of tides and so on, there were only four days in early June—the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh—when Operation Overlord (the code-name of the invasion) was possible.

On June 2, I addressed all officers of my headquarters at Southwick House, near Portsmouth, in the morning, and those of Rear H.Q. in London in the afternoon.

That night, Eisenhower dined quietly with me at Broomfield House and after dinner we went up to Southwick House for a conference with the meteorological experts on the weather. The weather looked reasonable, but the experts were worried about a depression over Iceland. It was decided to lay on the operation for June 5, without any change, with another meteorological conference at 9.30 p.m. on June 3.

But on June 3 the weather forecast was not good. A depression over Iceland began to spread southwards and the high-pressure system which was coming up our way from the Azores was being pushed back. This meant that the prospect of a good belt of high pressure over the Channel area on the night June 4-5, and on June 5 was receding.

This was awkward, and I noted in my diary that some big decisions might be necessary. I added: "My own view is that if the sea is calm enough for the navy to take us there, then we must go; the air forces have had very good weather for all the preparatory operations and we must accept the fact that they may not be able to do so well on D-Day."

We met at Southwick House at 4 a.m. on June 4. Some of the convoys had already sailed, working to a D-Day of June 5. The weather reports were discouraging. The navy reckoned the landing was possible but would be difficult. I was for going. Tedder, Deputy Supreme Commander, was for postponement. Weighing all the factors, Eisenhower decided to postpone D-Day for twenty-four hours to June 6.

At 4 a.m. on June 5, a heavy storm was blowing in the Channel and it was clear that if we had persisted with the original D-Day we might have had a disaster.

But the met. reports indicated a slackening of the storm and a period of reasonable weather on June 6. Indeed, the experts predicted reasonable weather for some days after June 6 before the next period of unsettled weather arrived.

On that Eisenhower decided to go. We were all glad. This conference did not last more than fifteen minutes. Eisenhower was in good form and made his decision quickly.

I went up to Hindhead that evening to see Major and Mrs. Reynolds, who were looking after my son, David. I had not seen him recently and did not want to indicate the nearness of D-Day to all the boys at Winchester by going there to say goodbye to him.

Mrs. Reynolds told me afterwards that she knew it was the eve of D-Day—not from anything I said or from the way I behaved, but because I had taken my plain clothes there and had put them away in a wardrobe.

I spent June 6 in the garden at Broomfield House. After breakfast I made a record for the B.B.C. of my personal message to the armies, which had been read to the troops when they were embarked. As the morning wore on, it was clear that we were ashore, and that all was going well as far as we knew.

Montgomery at the age of nine. He was the fourth of nine children, and hated his family's discipline

I decided my place was in Normandy. I sailed at 9.30 that evening in the destroyer H.M.S. Faulknor, which was standing by in the dockyard to take me across. It was nearly six months before I saw England again.

I was anxious to make personal contact with the two Army Commanders, Dempsey and Bradley, who were afloat in their command ships with their naval counterparts. Discussion with them was the next need.

This was what the Prime Minister wrote in my autograph book when he came to dinner with me at Broomfield House on May 19:

"On the verge of the greatest adventure with which these pages have dealt, I record my confidence that all will be well and that the organization and equipment of the army will be worthy of the valour of the soldiers and the genius of their chief.

Winston S. Churchill."

How it all began

I was born in London, in St. Mark's Vicarage, Kennington Oval, on November 17, 1887.

Certainly I can say that my childhood was unhappy. This was due to a clash of wills between my mother and myself. My early life was a series of fierce battles, from which my mother invariably emerged the victor. If I could not be seen anywhere, she would say: "Go and find out what Bernard is doing and tell him to stop it."

But the constant defeats and the beatings with a cane, and these were frequent, in no way deterred me. I got no sympathy from my two elder brothers; they were more pliable, and they easily accepted the inevitable.

From my eldest sister, who was next in the family after myself, I received considerable help and sympathy; but, in the main, the trouble had to be suffered by myself alone. I never lied about my misdeeds; I took my punishment.

There were obvious faults on both sides. For myself, although I began to know fear early in life, much too early, the net result of the treatment was probably beneficial. If my strong will and indiscipline had gone unchecked, the result might have been even more intolerable than some people have found me. But I have often wondered whether my mother's treatment for me was not a bit too much of a good thing; whether, in fact, it was a good thing at all. I rather doubt it.

I suppose we were an average Victorian family. My mother was engaged at the age of fourteen and married my father in July, 1881, when she was scarcely out of the schoolroom. Her seventeenth birthday was on August 23, 1881, one month after her wedding day. My father was then Vicar of St. Mark's, Kennington Oval, and my mother was plunged at once into the activities of the wife of a busy London vicar.

Children soon appeared. Five were born between 1881 and 1889, in which year my father was appointed Bishop of Tasmania—five children before my mother had reached the age of twenty-five. I was the fourth. There was then a gap of seven years, when two more were born in Tasmania; then another gap of five years still in Tasmania, when another boy arrived. The last, my youngest brother, Brian, was born after we had left Tasmania and were back in London.

So my mother bore nine children in all. The eldest, a girl, died just after we arrived in Tasmania, and one of my younger brothers died in 1909 when I was serving with my regiment in India. That left seven, and all seven are alive today.

There were definite rules for us children; these had to be obeyed; disobedience brought swift punishment. A less rigid discipline, and more affectionate understanding, might have wrought better, certainly different, results in me. My brothers and sisters were not so difficult; they were more amenable to the régime and gave no trouble. I was the bad boy of the family, the rebellious one, and as a result I learned early to stand or fall on my own.

But when all is said and done, my mother was a most remarkable woman, with a strong and sterling character.

She made me afraid of her when I was a child and a young boy. Then the time came when her authority could no longer be exercised. Fear then disappeared, and respect took its place. From the time I joined the army until my mother died, I had an immense and growing respect for her wonderful character. And it became clear to me that my early troubles were mostly my own fault.

However, it is not surprising that under such conditions all my childish affection and love was given to my father. I worshipped him. He was always a friend. If ever there was a saint on this earth, it was my father.

He got bullied a good deal by my mother and she could always make him do what she wanted. She ran all the family finances and gave my father ten shillings a week; this sum had to include his daily lunch at the Athenaeum, and he was severely cross-examined if he meekly asked for another shilling or two before the end of the week.

Poor dear man, I never thought his last years were very happy; he was never allowed to do as he liked and he was not given the care and nursing which might have prolonged his life. My

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A kiss for the gangster's daughter

by BRIAN CLEEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BJARNASON

The whole village feared her father—
and so did I. But even if
she were the devil's daughter, I'd
have to see her again

EVERYONE in our village knew that Antonio Chirico had been an assassin, and was afraid of him. Not that Antonio was a bully. He mightn't have frightened us so much if he had been. It was his gentleness that made you feel cold fingers on your spine when he looked at you.

He had brown, melting eyes like a woman's; a voice as soft as his little hands. He might have been a barber, and yet you'd hear stories about him that would freeze your blood: stories like the one about how Antonio and three of Al Capone's men massacred the whole Schultz mob in one night, fitted them all with concrete waistcoats, and sank them in Brooklyn harbour. . . .

Antonio never boasted about these things, as some men would have done, if they'd come home from America with a bank account and thirty suits. He hardly ever talked of them. But everybody knew, and when anybody in the village found Antonio looking at him, he'd be inclined to search his conscience a lot more carefully than if it were the priest, or the mayor, or the police chief that was looking at him. And the next day, as likely as not, he'd leave a little something at the back door of Antonio's house; a duck, perhaps, or some wine.

And I would have played as safe as anyone if it hadn't been for Antonio's daughter, Fiorella. One day I was just a young man, playing *scoppa* in the café, working on my father's land, doing this, doing that, as free as a bird. The next I was Fiorella's slave, who could neither eat, nor drink, nor think.

OF course I had always known that Antonio had a daughter. She was five years old when he came back to Italy a widower, twelve years ago. But I was a boy of seven then, interested in other things than small girls in pinafores.

And then, as soon as she became older, Antonio's housekeeper Eugenia began to keep her out of sight of young men like myself. You might see them at Mass, perhaps, Fiorella bundled up in black lace in the darkest corner of the church, with Eugenia beside her like an old and moulting screech owl. But never Fiorella alone, or without the black veil Eugenia made her wear.

And then one day my father gave me a basket to leave at Antonio's house. In it were a duck and some new wine, and a capful of eggs.

"It is better to be careful," my father said sadly, when my mother flew at him about it. "We have not given Signor Antonio anything for months."

So I carried the basket down to the village, and round to the door in the high garden wall that protected Antonio's plum and cherry trees. Not that they needed protecting. The village boys would have broken into the bishop's orchard sooner than his.

I PUSHED open the narrow door and walked softly down the path to the house itself, half afraid that Antonio might see me and be angry, even though I was bringing him something. But the windows remained shut and silent. I tapped at the door, waited, tapped again. And as it opened, I lost my heart as surely as if Signor Antonio had stood on the other side of it pressing the trigger of his sub-machine gun. Fiorella stood there.

She had brown eyes, with little candleflames of witchcraft deep down inside them; a little hand touching her white throat—and she gave a small gasp of surprise as she saw me. I wished desperately that I had put on my suit; even that I had combed my hair.

"Oh," said Fiorella.

"Ah!" I breathed.

We stayed like that for a long time, gazing at one another.

"The basket," I said, looking into her eyes.

"The basket," she whispered, looking down at the floor between us. And at that moment Eugenia came into the kitchen and screeched at the sight of me like a witch being burned.

"Fiorella!" she screamed, and Fiorella fled like a brown bird. I gave up the contents of the basket and went

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I had just wriggled over the window sill into Fiorella's bedroom when Eugenia came storming in and I heard, from another room, the terrible voice of my beloved's father bellowing for his gun . . .

With eight girls and four boys I've got a house full

It's fun bringing up a dozen

by MARJORIE CREISSEN

One morning last year I felt severe pains in my stomach and called in the doctor. He ordered me to hospital. My husband George was on a building job at Finsbury, where he is clerk of works, but as there was no telephone on the site I couldn't get in touch with him.

Instead I telephoned for Ann, one of my twelve children, to return home from school.

Ann is an intelligent, responsible girl, but she was only thirteen at the time and it was asking a lot to expect her to run the home for at least a week and look after six children younger than herself. But she took it in her stride.

At midday, when George telephoned home, she told him: "Don't worry, Dad, it's only appendicitis."

She comforted baby Beth, then aged eighteen months, reassured three-year-old Kathleen, did the shopping and prepared a meal. Then she planned a menu to cover the next few days.

One day she and George marched down the hospital ward to my bedside with two boxes. One contained two silver egg cups and spoons, the other a cake which Ann had baked and iced. That is how I celebrated my silver wedding.

When I went home after ten days I found the flat shipshape and the children happy. Ann missed three weeks' schooling because of my appendix, but it didn't upset her.

She is fifteen now, speaks excellent French after spending three months in Paris with an aunt, and is training to work at the Post Office's continental telephone exchange.

I am forty-four, George is forty-five. Though we did not plan to have twelve children, we did want several, for I was the sixth of a family of nine and he, an only child, envied me my brothers and sisters.

The babies came and each was a joy. We never worried whether we could afford to have another child—we always could. If another was on the way, out came my knitting and that was that.

Colin, who weighed ten and a quarter pounds when I had him in a nursing home, is now twenty-five and has three children of his own. Sheila, twenty-three, is a clerk in the overseas branch of the Midland Bank.

Brenda, twenty-one, who was married in June, was called Jacqueline until we realized belatedly that she would be nicknamed Jackie. So we renamed her.

Leonard, nineteen and married, had a successful window-cleaning round before he joined the R.A.F. Geoffrey, seventeen, is a wood machinist.

Then we have Ann and the six youngsters—Maureen, twelve, Margaret, ten, Jennifer, nine (named in a family ballot organized by George when we were stumped for a name), Paul, six, Kathleen, five, and Beth, three. Only one of the children, Leonard, is named after a relative.

Recently we moved from a flat in Tulse Hill, Lambeth, to a bigger London County Council maisonette nearby. We need every inch of its kitchen, lounge, bathroom and five bedrooms.

After meals the steel chairs are stacked, the large table is folded and the children have room in which to play. We threw out the sideboard years ago—it got in the way of darts and wasn't much use for hide-and-seek.

All in one room

We were most crowded after Paul was born and before Colin left home. Twelve of us shared four bedrooms, and in the living room on winter evenings the youngsters played, watched television or did homework while their elders tackled dinner by instalments as they returned from work.

Paul wasn't an angel of peace and quiet. He crawled at six months, nearly wrecked the television by playing with all the knobs at once and threw the clock in the fire and milk bottles out of the window, which happened to be five storeys up.

His favourite trick was to turn on the tap on the copper in the kitchen and sit in ecstatic silence amid the spreading flood.

My reaction was far from ecstatic, but it had no effect. I lost count of the number of times I mopped up the contents of the copper.

We quickly realized that some privacy was essential if the children were to progress at school. As the volume of homework increased we encouraged them to work in their bedrooms, sitting on their wooden tiered bunks, after tea.

In a large family the spur of competition is keen. Any complaints about the difficulty of homework evoke the derision of elders who claim that they used to do it standing on their heads. But the older children quite often condescend to help the younger ones.

Recently Maureen surprised me by complaining that although she was twelve she had not been allowed to make a meat pie. Ann, she assured me, had made one at the same age.

I told her to go ahead—and shuddered to think of what she might be doing with her long bony fingers (she is far thinner than the other children).

At the dinner table she watched anxiously while seven other cooks of varying skills tasted and at last voiced approval. Now Maureen is permitted to make meat pies whenever she wants.

But woe betide any budding cook who makes a hash of things. If the cakes burn, the cook has to eat all the burned ones.

Even the boys have been encouraged to cook, for a man who can't is a pretty helpless creature in my opinion.

During the week I am up at 7 a.m. to prepare an appetizer of tea and biscuits. After the children have used the bathroom strictly in the order in which they leave the house, they have breakfast—a choice of four cereals, toast, eggs and bacon.

I have no washing machine, but linen and towels go to the laundry in a bag-wash. The daily wash, mainly socks and blouses, lasts an hour.

Midday meal is for seven, and fortunately all the children are fond of cold meats and salads, smothered with sauce. I don't plan food far ahead, but buy each day whatever takes my fancy. Sometimes the children make special requests which I meet if I can.

In the afternoons I knit or iron—in the winter there are two hundred hankies a week to be ironed—until about a quarter to four, then prepare tea and the evening meal for four.

One afternoon, when I lived in a second-floor flat, I was having a rest when a neighbour knocked. "Look through the window," she said ominously.

Lying in the rain were books, dolls, paints and crayons. I rushed to the bedroom shared by Sheila and Brenda. Sitting at the window and throwing out the girls' precious possessions in high glee were Geoffrey and Ann, then aged five and three.

On the whole the children get along well, though they differ in temperament. Sheila is disconcertingly candid, pretends to be hard and tough, makes friends slowly and is meticulous.

Brenda is immediately friendly—and very untidy. For years, when they shared the same bedroom, one half of the room was neat and the other half in chaos. But, with accommodation at a premium, they had to grin and bear it.

George and I have never had favourites. True. Kathleen calls herself "Daddy's special baby," but there is a reason for that.

I woke up on George's birthday with the awful thought, *I haven't got anything to give him.*

The same day Kathleen was born. I handed him the baby and said: "Here, dear, is your birthday present."

Christmas is great

Birthdays call for one of my layer cakes, iced with the name of the child and topped by candles. Every cake must be the same size, the only thing I am allowed to change is the colouring.

Once, when I supplied a shop cake for Jennifer's birthday, she complained so bitterly that I haven't dared to try one again.

None of the children believes in Father Christmas, but Christmas is a great occasion. We have a tall tree and badly-tied parcels litter the flat from November onwards.

George has received a solitary razor blade and I have had sticky chocolate, an egg cup and a dish-cloth, all of them presented with that starry look that demands a kiss.

In 1951, Margaret was rushed to hospital with a stomach abscess and a perforated appendix. The children demanded bulletins every day, but I don't think one of them thought she might die.

Each night the children said a prayer for her. Geoffrey and Ann secretly made her a doll's house from a cardboard box, furnished down to blankets, sheets and curtains. The other children bought her toys or dressed their own dolls in new outfits to give to her.

When she arrived home at last, after four months, everyone was shy. "Aren't you going to kiss Margaret?" I said. They pounced upon her and smothered her with kisses. It was rather overwhelming.

Cash has never been too great a worry. When we married, George was earning about £5 a week—good money then. He worked by day as a joiner and in his spare time as an insurance agent. He always has worked hard and always has provided enough for us to live on.

Before Colin went to work, George was a general foreman earning ten guineas basic pay plus bonuses. We also had 35s. a week family allowance. George gave me £10 a week and somehow provided the clothes and paid the rent himself.

Today the food bill alone is £15 a week and the maisonette costs £2 17s. in rent and rates. A week's food includes half a hundredweight of potatoes, forty-two pints of milk and five dozen eggs. I spend 25s. a week on bread and biscuits.

I have always made my own cakes and we grow green vegetables where we can. Once, when we had a house with a large garden, somebody gave us 150 cauliflower plants which turned out to be sprouts. We were eating sprouts for weeks.

With George's present pay, plus £2 8s. a week family allowance and cash from the three single children who are working, we are just about able to balance the budget without skimping on essentials.

Some clothes have been passed from child to child, but it goes against the grain. Many times I have given away the baby clothes and started afresh.

I first met George at my parents' home at Sittingbourne, Kent. It wasn't love at first sight; at first I thought he was much too sober for me. But we often packed a picnic lunch and cycled in Kent. I grew to admire his qualities, particularly his sense of humour.

When Sheila was due he cycled two miles to fetch nurse Kettle, the midwife, hustled her on to her cycle and towed her to my bedside with minutes to spare. She said she had never been uphill on a cycle so fast in her life before.

I never have believed in hard and

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of mischief, laughter and tears. I wouldn't change my lot in life

Happy Birthday! And this time it's for Jennifer. There are fourteen birthdays a year for the Creissens and they celebrate every one. Left to right round the table are: Kathleen, 5, Paul, 6, Father, Jennifer, 9, Mother, Beth, 3, and Margaret, 10. Behind, left to right, are: Sheila, 23, Colin, 25, Brenda, 21, Leonard, 19, Geoffrey, 17, Ann, 15, Maureen, 12.

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

"The Card Players," which was painted in oils by Cézanne between 1890 and 1892, is on a canvas 65 × 81 cm., and is now in a private collection in New York

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MODERN MASTERPIECES

Selected and introduced by SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN

6 · CÉZANNE

The refined savage

PAUL CÉZANNE has influenced the art of recent times more intimately than has any other modern painter. He is, as a passionate admirer put it, a tribal deity and a totem. Every aspect of his work has been endlessly discussed. It has inspired elaborate theories which Cézanne himself would have been unable to follow, and forms of art which would probably have made him exasperated and angry. Yet there is a mystery about his painting which eludes all description. It keeps many of its secrets.

It was a portrait by Cézanne, "Boy In The Red Waistcoat," which was sold at Sotheby's a few weeks ago for £220,000, the highest price ever paid for a painting at auction. The fabulous sums which some of his works have fetched have led a few critics to make out that the cult of Cézanne is a dealer's racket. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

His earliest admirers were painters, not critics (who had derided him) or dealers (who, until late in his life, declined to show his works). When, at long last, in 1895, the dealer Ambroise Vollard put on the first big exhibition of Cézanne's paintings, it was still the artists who were loudest in their praise. And most of them were men whose outlook was very different from Cézanne's.

"The collectors are stupefied," wrote Camille Pissarro, the artist who had been foremost in urging that the exhibition should be staged. "Nevertheless, Cézanne is a first-class painter of astonishing subtlety, truth and classicism." He went on to describe how, while he was examining the paintings, Renoir arrived. "My enthusiasm was nothing compared with Renoir's," he wrote. "Degas himself is seduced by the charms of this refined savage."

The refined savage! Perhaps the words are some key to what it is in Cézanne's art which makes so profound an impression.

Boisterous, passionate

He was a complex character. His father had made a sizeable fortune in the hat trade, then a larger one in banking, and all his life Cézanne had independent means. The family lived in Aix-en-Provence in the extreme south of France, and as a boy, Cézanne was confident, boisterous, passionate, contemptuous of authority and bursting with ambition and assurance.

It was only slowly that the determination to be a painter grew on him. When he left school, he began to study law, but he also attended the local art school. In 1861, when he was twenty-two, he gave up his legal studies and went to Paris to paint. Within a few months he was discouraged, and returned home to work in his father's bank. But the following year he went once more to Paris. From then on he stuck to art.

Eighteen sixty-three was the year of the scandal over Manet's *"Déjeuner Sur L'Herbe,"* a picture which outraged the public because the conventions of representing the nude had been deliberately broken and recognizably modern women were depicted naked, along with men soberly dressed in morning coats. The painting made a life-long impression on Cézanne.

One of his boyhood friends, with whom he shared his ambitions and daydreams, had been Emile Zola, the novelist. Cézanne has not told us what his secret dreams were, but Zola, when he later put Cézanne into a celebrated novel, recalled their "certainty of glory . . . their talk of swallowing Paris in one gulp." Cézanne he depicted as a man "whose unbridled genius would far outstrip the talents of others. Great canvases were dreamed of that would shatter the Louvre." It was, indeed, great canvases that Cézanne dreamed of when he was young. He did more than dream. He tried to paint them.

Many survive. Astonishing things they are: large, imaginative compositions, often representing the nude, romantic and indeed feverishly melodramatic in feeling. Their rugged honesty and sincerity are as manifest as their passion. But they are fantastic failures. Cézanne had neither the acquired training and competence nor the imagination and natural fluency to manage anything so grandiose.

Yet those dreams never left him. Until the end of his life he worked from time to time on huge canvases, nudes and landscapes, symbols of an earthly paradise, compositions in intention as grandiloquent as any of the Old Masters. It was in front of one of them, two years before he died, in 1906, that he posed for a photograph.

They are not the works on which his greatness rests. Cézanne found himself as a painter when he was dodging military service during the Franco-Prussian war. Not that he was in hiding —the police could have found him if they had looked for him. But he prudently spent two years, 1870-71, working in the open air at l'Estaque, on the Mediterranean coast. With him was his future wife, Hortense Figuet, whom he married in 1886, fourteen years after the birth of their son Paul. Cézanne was happy there, painting the rocks and the hills, the village and the sea, working from a close observation of nature and not from his inner imaginings.

What Cézanne really had inside him was not exuberant and imaginative compositions but something at first sight far more modest. It came from a humble and painful submission of himself to nature—to painting what was before his eyes. "Copy your stove pipe," was the advice that in later years he gave a beginner. He was never a fluent painter. He always felt there was something lurking in his sensations that he had not yet grasped. Hardly ever did he think a painting really finished.

There is one aspect of painting, however, in which Cézanne was never clumsy and never fumbled—he had an infallible sense of colour. "I am the only one with temperament," he once exclaimed in an outburst of violence. "I am the only one who can paint a red."

Slashed his masterpieces

Compared with Cézanne's, Renoir's colour delights but does not sustain. Cézanne's satisfies some deeper hunger. He painted slowly and with difficulty. So slowly, in fact, that in a still-life real flowers were of little use to him—they drooped long before he was under way. He made arrangements of more durable objects such as apples and onions, but even these did not always last long enough, and he used artificial fruit.

He demanded heroic endurance of those who sat to him for portraits. His friend Vollard described how after he had sat for 115 times —sessions in which the artist required that he should move no more than did an apple— Cézanne still felt the portrait to be unfinished. "But I am not displeased," he said, "with the shirt front."

So tense was Cézanne's concentration while he was painting that the slightest interruption could cause a moment of crisis. Then his turbulent nature would become furiously destructive. He might break his brushes, seize his palette knife and slash his canvas to pieces, or else, cursing and swearing, roll it up and throw it into the stove. One of the treasures of the National Gallery, Cézanne's "Old Woman With A Rosary," was found covered with dust under the coal scuttle near his stove. Many were the pictures he destroyed in this way.

The world also has the artist's young son Paul to blame for the destruction of more than one Cézanne. As a child he used to poke holes in his father's canvases, to the great delight of the fond parent. "Look, my son has opened up the windows and chimneys!" he would say. "He knows it's a house, the little rascal."

In a sense, Cézanne is an Impressionist. Early in his career he came to know the Impressionist painters and sometimes joined in their meetings at the Café Guerbois. He was not a good talker and was ill at ease in polished society. He exaggerated his southern accent and, as if to assert his independence, neglected his appearance and his manners. Of all

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Schweppes
Schweppes Ltd
Schweppes GINGER BEER
Schweppes LEMONADE
Schweppes
orange drink
Schweppes
Schweppes
Schweppes
Schweppes
Schweppes
golden orange
Schweppes
Schweppes
Schweppes
Schweppes
Schweppes

The golden world of Rosemary Brown

by WILSON MacARTHUR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

Six months after her wedding day, the glory was fading fast. How could she know it had gone to earth in a mine?

Rosemary had needed to summon all her courage to venture under the ground. She watched Timmy anxiously as he read her precious note

ROSEMARY BROWN sipped her tea and stared out through the mosquito gauze of the veranda at a view that was closely restricted by a belt of trees—trees that were still unfamiliar after six months. They hid the flat, empty country that stretched away to the distant blue hills, relieved only by the tall headgears of widely scattered mines.

The trees could not hide the heat. It came at her out of the house and from the corrugated iron roof above her head. There was no escape from it. It came, on a faint breeze, through the mosquito gauze from the blinding golden world outside, beyond the trees.

The golden world. Until she had come to Rhodesia six months ago, she had never dreamed of such a world.

White clouds were painted, motionless, upon the backcloth of vivid blue. Lower, through the trees, the sky was smoke-grey, with a livid tinge on the horizon, and the clouds above dissolved into that smokiness with a hot impatience. Building up for the rains, Timmy said. Occasional flickers of lightning, rumbles of thunder, confirmed his forecast.

By now they would be beginning to decorate the shops in Oxford Street for Christmas. The holly trees would be bright with berries in the lanes and hedgerows at home. There would be a bite in the wind so that when you went indoors the glow of the big fire in the hearth would be an intimate welcome, warming already glowing cheeks as you stripped off coat and gloves and winter boots.

Rosemary found herself thinking of the sharp delight of walking through the bare-boughed beechwoods; the high contrast of a day in town; Christmas shopping—with a shiver in the wind, a drizzle of rain; buses, taxis, people rubbing shoulders, huddling in queues. Then, later, the evening by the fire, with a book, a magazine; curled up in a big armchair while Mum and Dad murmured their slow comments on the day's doings. . . .

Her eyes grew dark with discontent.

A sudden crash from the house brought her forward in her chair. Her knuckles whitened, gripping the arms. *Don't get up,* she told herself. *Stay where you are. Pretend you haven't heard.*

Patience. That was it. She had marvelled at Timmy's patience—a patience he didn't even know he possessed. He had a philosophy that eluded her. All the same, what had the houseboy broken? That she would not be able to find out yet. She must just sit there, give him time to hide the fragments, risk a mild query in a day or two. Where is the sugar bowl—or the good teapot, or whatever it was? And in his own argot the houseboy, with a reminiscent grin, would answer her: "Oh, it died."

Six months. A lot of things had died in six months.

SHE thought back. What was wrong with her—with Timmy and herself? Why did she feel as if they were drifting apart? Was it all her fault? Because she had not really had any idea what to expect?

He was the first Rhodesian she had ever met. He had been on holiday in England. His size, his air of vitality had fascinated her.

His little hired car had run out of petrol—the gauge was faulty—and he had come to ask for help. Rosemary had summoned Dad and it was natural to offer not only help but hospitality to this stranger from overseas. A few days later he turned up again—having decided, it appeared, that the best way

Outlook Sunnier?

I wish the backroom boys who place
Sputniks and Pioneers in space,
Would launch instead a second sun
To supplement our fickle one.

RHODA WARWICK

In Short

Christmas Cards

Does everyone have the same bother with Christmas cards?

I expect so.

Then why do people send them?

To show they're thinking of each other.

Wouldn't they know, otherwise?

They might not.

Is that big one for Great Uncle George?

Yes.

He never thinks of us, does he?

I'm sure he does. He's just too busy to send cards.

But if we know he's thinking of us, won't he know we're thinking of him? I said if we know he's thinking of us, won't he know . . .

I don't know.

Is the one with robins for Granny?

That's right.

Do you always send people the same kind of card they send you?

Not always.

But I bet the one with the reindeer winking is for Aunt Moira, isn't it? And the one with little Lord Jesus for Miss Humphreys, and the one with "Cordial Greetings" for Daddy's boss, and . . .

If you don't stop fingering the cards you'll have to go to bed.

Will you be sending one to the Taylors again?

I suppose so.

Will we have to send them one for the rest of our lives because of that holiday three years ago?

I shouldn't think so. We'll drop off eventually.

Will they drop off at the same time?

There's always someone who drops off first. They'll get the idea after a couple of years.

Do you think Great Uncle George has dropped off already with us then, Mummy? I said do you think Great Uncle George has dropped off already...?

LIONEL DAVIDSON

I Papered The Wall

The whole job went smoothly;
no panic, no haste.
The paper adhered to the plaster.
I didn't trip over and fall in the paste,
Nor slip off the steps to disaster.
The brush was a good one, no bristles worked free;
The intricate pattern matched fine.
But now the job's done it's a mystery to me
Why I chose such a loathsome design.

NOEL SCOTT

Sally And The Stars

When Sally asked me what I knew about the stars I said very little except that I could find the Plough, Orion and sometimes Cassiopeia. But what she really meant was Stars, astro*logical* not astro*nomical*—the kind you were born under. It was uncanny, Sally said, how they influenced your life.

Last Monday, for instance, when she had a hundred things to do, *and* a mountain of washing, she'd been dismayed to find she must "tackle few tasks today." So she left the washing till Tuesday, only to read, "Today propitious for outings. Small investments bring dividends." That, to Sally, meant only one thing, so she dashed out to do some shopping and have her hair done. Only the latter wasn't exactly a small investment, and all the dividend she got was John saying what on earth had she done to her hair, as usual.

Well, what with the next day being "Stick to routine," and Thursday "Leisure is the keynote," Sally wasn't very surprised by Friday's "Strained domestic relations."

But what she thought was especially mean was Saturday's "You will regret an earlier extravagance," which she read just before opening the bill for a dress which had been another of Tuesday's investments. They might have warned her, said Sally. Wasn't that what Stars were for?

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

The golden world of Rosemary Brown

continued from previous page

to see England was to concentrate on one particular spot in England.

When Rosemary asked him what he did in Rhodesia he replied offhand: "A miner, you know. Gold mining."

Still she had been puzzled. To her the word miner meant only one thing.

His additional explanation had all the more impact. "Hang man, I own the ruddy mine." She had never met anyone before who owned a goldmine.

When, some six weeks later, Timmy suggested she might like to share his mine—among other things—she knew that what Timmy did for a living was of no consequence. All that seemed to matter was Timmy himself.

AFTER the wedding in the little ancient church, the reception on the flower-bordered lawns of her old home and the brief honeymoon in France and Italy, there had followed the swift transition of flight to Central Africa. She had her first view of Salisbury, a rash of sky-scrapers on the brown and green veld surrounded by a fragmentation of suburbs, and then another honeymoon driving to excitingly strange places.

Then, after the hotels, large and small, after the opulent modern homes of some of Timmy's friends in Salisbury, came a dirt road winding over flat country dotted with native compounds. She caught her first glimpse of mining headgear thrusting up out of the flat ground. Then—home.

Timmy had built it. He had burned the bricks himself, put up the timbering and the roof, been his own plumber and electrician. It was square, the roof coming down from an apex to spread out, nearly flat, over a netted veranda that surrounded the whole house; a simple, practical construction, spacious, too, with very high ceilings in the living-room and main bedroom, no ceilings elsewhere. Ceilings were a luxury that could wait. The house was somewhere for a miner to live.

Rosemary had done her best with the house, hiding her disappointment. She had started to learn about African servants, to pick up some kitchen Kaffir so that she could talk to them. She had started to make a garden.

The garden boys worked—but only when she was there. When she went indoors, the work stopped.

She tackled Timmy about it.

"You mustn't expect too much," he said mildly. "Most of these blokes are straight out of native kraals. They've never done any kind of work before—the women do that."

At first the house and garden had absorbed all her energies. She had always meant to take an interest in Timmy's mine. He spoke of it as if it were alive, a personality. She wished now that she had managed to get over the strange feelings it aroused in her. Was she jealous of it? It seemed to fill Timmy's thoughts. . . .

SHE had only once visited it, in those six months—and then only on the surface. The entrance of the main shaft terrified her. The appalling uproar of the mill, with its five stamps crashing down upon the ore fed into the mortar box, deafened her.

He had shown her the sands dump, and the cyanide tanks into which the sands were shovelled, so that any remaining gold would dissolve and be carried down to the extractor box, where it was recovered as black gold. But how all these processes worked she had no idea. All she had really grasped was that once a month they went to the bank with the precious output.

That, after all, was the main fact. But it had been borne in upon her, over the months, that a goldmine was no goldmine. That for all his hard work Timmy earned less than he could have got working for one of the big companies.

And there was no doubt he worked hard. He had tea at five thirty, was off to the mill by six, came back for breakfast at eight and spent a while in his office before going back to the mine. He had his mid-morning tea at the mine and was often late for lunch. In the afternoons he was rarely back before six, to strip and lie soaking in a hot bath before shaving and dressing for the evening. By nine o'clock he was in bed.

And on Saturday afternoons and Sundays he worked on maintenance.

All day, every day, an undertone to her existence, there was borne on the fitful breeze the rhythmic pounding of the five-stamp mill, echoing out over the flats; and every evening the earth shook with the concussion of the heavy charges of dynamite that blew out rock in one of the drives far below ground.

Timmy used dynamite as casually as she used matches. When he wanted to smash anything, or shift it—even to knock out a rusty key holding an old pulley to its shaft—he used dynamite, cutting a slice off a stick just like slicing sausage. She had been terrified at first. But she had got used to the explosions.

Everything he did was done for the mine. And everywhere they went—to play tennis at a neighbouring farm, to have a swim in a friend's swimming-bath, to go to the "bioscope" where you could see the films of yesteryear in the little town thirty miles away—she knew he was itching to get back.

Six months. They had been wonderfully happy in some ways, but secret resentments had begun to grow within her. Those resentments seemed to be boiling up now, to be reaching a climax. But they were vague, hard to define—and how could she explain them to Timmy? Say she was jealous of the mine? It was their livelihood. Say she was lonely, bored? He wouldn't understand. Say she had too little to do? She was always on the go.

NOW the phone rang. She jumped up and went to answer it. A pleasant, friendly young voice spoke. "Is that Mrs. Brown? I've got a telegram for you. I think it's good news."

"Yes?" she said eagerly.

"Here's the message: 'Dad won pools expect us visit you in about three months love.' And it's signed 'Mum'. I'll put the copy in your post bag."

"Oh, thanks," Rosemary gasped.

She leaped to her feet and rushed through the house, almost sending the houseboy flying as she ran into him.

"Look, Sixpence! My father has won a lot of money. He and my mother are coming to visit us."

His resentful face broke into a grin.

"Wow!" he said. "Dam-nice!"

He hugged his broom and beamed at her. Such spontaneous and unselfish pleasure delighted her, and she ran outside. In a moment she was racing towards the mine, flushed and bright-eyed with the first excitement in six months; the first break in the happy, then not-so-happy, monotony of their lives on the mine.

The old boss boy was near the main shaft. He had been with Timmy for eight years and was delighted when Timmy came home from England with a wife to share his home. He eyed the *nkosikazi* with friendly quizzical eyes.

"Mawnin, *nkosikazi*."

"Morning, Lobatsoni," Rosemary replied. "Where's the *baas*?"

"Down," he said, gesticulating.

"I want to see him."

"*Baas* working, *nkosikazi*," he told her quietly, and she felt the rebuke.

"The *nkosikazi* will go down?" Lobatsoni asked quietly.

Rosemary fought down a shudder. The thought of going down the mine terrified her. But she knew there were eyes watching her—eyes that would glitter with callous amusement if she showed her fear.

She walked to the edge of the shaft. A light gleamed from below—a long way down. The skip had tipped back

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I was saved by the grim new cure for drunkards

by CHARLES SCOTT

THE cockney plumber said apologetically: "Got to turn the water off, guv'nor." He not only turned it off; he unscrewed the taps for good measure. A nurse closed and bolted the french windows leading on to the balcony and a second girl locked all my personal possessions—clothing, toothbrush, razor, soap and towel—in a solid-looking wardrobe.

The party was over. The nice chats with the psychiatrist and the feeding-up process with great doses of vitamin B were only a week-long prelude to what I was now about to undergo: twenty-four two-hourly intramuscular injections of apomorphine and twenty-four tumblers full of whisky and water, in equal proportions. Nothing else to eat or drink; just apomorphine and whisky and water mixed.

I was an alcoholic and for twelve years I had been making my way towards this pleasant room in a North London hospital. It had been a circuitous journey, signposted by a broken marriage and a broken nose, incarcerations in the observation wards of mental hospitals, a plethora of bouncing cheques, a near-fatal motor accident and several shabby encounters with the police.

When I finally decided that drink was no good for me, I sought help from various doctors, but their response was not encouraging.

One doctor told me to pull myself together and use my willpower. Another wrote to the superintendent of a home for inebriates, but received no reply and lost interest. (The place had been burned down fifteen years previously.)

Yet a third, a doctor who specializes in hypnosis, asked me if I believed in God. My lukewarm response annoyed him and he said that I should study the splendour of the heavens and the beauty of wild flowers and generally get in a more pious state of mind before consulting him again.

So I went into a pub. In spite of acres of print in the medical press it is still difficult to obtain effective treatment for alcoholism.

I was led to take the apomorphine treatment after studying a book by a specialist in the problem of addiction. Within weeks, I was in one of the half-dozen beds available under the National Health Service for the treatment of Britain's scores of thousands of alcoholics—the bed on which I was lying when the water was turned off.

A doctor came in. He was a young, pleasant-looking man. He listened to my heart, examined my liver, took my blood pressure, felt my biceps and tested my knee and arm jerks. The alcoholic is usually in a shaky state physically when he is admitted to hospital and the treatment cannot start until some improvement has been made.

After this physical check-up I was left lying in the silence of the locked and empty room for ten minutes. Then a nurse came in with a little wheeled

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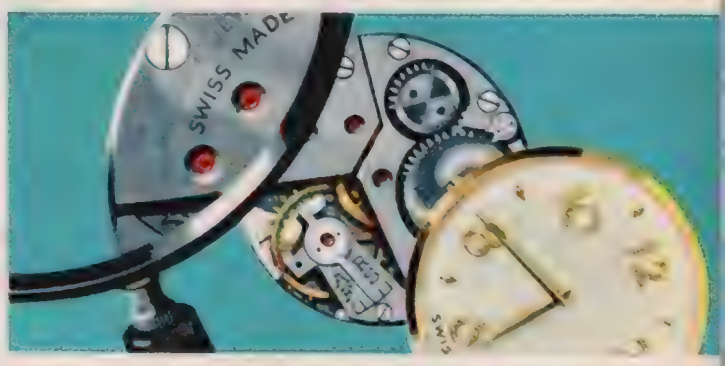

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SWISS FEDERATION OF WATCH MANUFACTURERS

I was saved by the grim new cure for drunkards

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trolley and gave me my first injection of a twentieth of a grain of apomorphine. "I don't like doing this," she said, "but it really will help you, Mr. Scott." That, of course, is not my real name.

Five minutes later she handed me a tumbler of whisky and water. I said: "The Health Service, God bless it," or something equally fatuous, and drank off the spirit with a speed which is one of the hallmarks of the alcoholic.

I was just calculating that in a pub that drink would have cost about six shillings, when I was overwhelmed by a sensation of imminent sickness—that wretched, de-humanizing sickness usually associated with rough weather at sea. I vomited violently into a stainless steel bowl which, to serve some obscure medical purpose, was calibrated in liquid ounces. It was 11 a.m., but I sank into a fitful sleep.

When I awoke, I felt quite normal, but the first twinges of thirst were noticeable and I knew that my next drink of pure water was two days distant. In quick succession, I had a second injection, a second tumbler of whisky and water, and a second bout of brief but energetic nausea.

The nurse gripped my hand, congratulated me on the way I was taking the treatment and talked about trips through Kent on her new motor scooter. It is the superlative kindness, intelligence and humanity of the nurses which make this treatment bearable.

A chemical change

The alcoholic who, by the very nature of his disease, may have started with a poor chemical balance, makes it a great deal worse by excessive drinking. Apomorphine restores the chemical balance of the body and by this means eliminates the craving for alcohol.

Alcohol is not a stimulant, as is commonly supposed; it is a depressant. Its effect is to deaden activity in the areas of the brain, known as the cerebral hemispheres, one of the functions of which is to inhibit the activity of the lower, primitive area of the brain, the hypothalamus.

This area is the seat of the instinctive drives of man and it also regulates the body's automatic functions, such as breathing. That is why alcohol appears to have stimulated a man when he becomes raucous and carefree under its influence. In reality he has merely put the higher centres of his brain to sleep, and is free to give rein to his more primitive desires.

Apomorphine reverses this process. Instead of depressing the cerebral hemispheres, it stimulates the hypothalamus.

But the effect of apomorphine on the hypothalamus is more lasting. After treatment the higher and lower sections of the patient's brain will strike a better balance for the rest of his life.

As I took my fourth "jab" in the afternoon, the wonders of this drug did not seem so obvious. I could hear tea trolleys in the corridor outside and iced water chinking in glass jugs. It was hot and by this time I was very thirsty.

The night ritual

After the fifth injection the night nurse came on duty and the two-hourly ritual continued through the dim-lit hours. "Wake up, dear. Time for you-know-what." She was brisk, cheerful and middle-aged in the classical tradition of night nurses. She gave me a brief check—blood pressure, pulse rate, temperature, then the needle—"the arm's a bit tender; let's try the buttock"—then the whisky. "Be a good chap. Drink it all. . . ." By now the whisky smelled and tasted like evil, melted tallow. I was sweating profusely.

In the morning the young doctor gave me a second physical examination and a word of encouragement. "We've had to send out for a second bottle of Scotch. You're doing well." I felt terrible. My face was covered with ginger whiskers. Washing, bathing, shaving, brushing the teeth are all forbidden.

My voice was a bit croaky, but I asked the doctor a few questions. Was it the whisky that was making me sick, No, said the doctor. It was solely the action of the apomorphine. The whisky was given to instil a conditioned dislike of its taste and smell.

Even if spirit was not given during the treatment, the major benefits of the apomorphine process would remain. Also, many alcoholics will not come in for treatment unless they know that whisky will not be denied to them until they have been fully treated.

Neon and beetles

During the second night the picture rail in my room lit up like a neon sign. Black beetles paraded along it.

In the early hours of the morning I staggered down the corridor to ask for a drink of water. The nurse refused and pointed out with some asperity that such requests made things more difficult for both of us. I then made a fuddled attempt to tap the hot water radiator in my room, without success.

The next morning, with two rounds to go, I decided to throw in the towel. I explained with patience and (I imagined) plausibility, that it was now impossible to swallow any more whisky.

The muscles of my throat and stomach contracted when I brought the glass near my mouth. The nurse had heard it all before. She coaxed and cajoled—and won. I swallowed the contents of tumbler number twenty-three. For the last injection and drink a doctor was present. "We hope," he said, "that this will be the last alcoholic drink of your life." I hoped so, too.

Within an hour of that last whisky I had washed and shaved, drunk pints of water and fruit juice and regained a bounce and confidence which had lain for years under the blanket of depression which ensbrouds all alcoholics.

That night I lay in bed writing letters until eleven. When I turned off the light I realized with a shock of joy that I had not wanted a drink—had not thought of a drink—the whole evening.

Long dry months

Many months have passed since then and I have neither drunk alcohol nor wanted it.

I have since learned that recent research by a Swiss doctor has shown that apomorphine, by its action on the hypothalamus, regularizes all the alcohol-created abnormalities of the bloodstream.

If a treated alcoholic is foolish enough to go back to alcohol, even after a decade of total abstinence, the chances are that he will become a compulsive drinker again almost immediately. No treatment known to medicine can turn an alcoholic into a temperate drinker; but apomorphine enables the alcoholic to live as a teetotaller, and figures collected over the past eight years show that more than half of those who take the treatment never relapse. Many of them join Alcoholics Anonymous for the non-drinking social life offered by this organization.

Apomorphine does not produce a permanent nausea towards alcohol, but it does neutralize the craving. At the moment of writing I know I could drink a glass of whisky without feeling sick, but I don't want to.

The rewards for undergoing my two days of discomfort have been immense. I have regained my family life and a great deal of lost happiness. Most of my debts are paid off—no alcoholic spends much less than £2 a day on drink—and I can enjoy every pleasure in life save one.

Above all, it is pleasant to be regarded with affection instead of white-faced fear by my children. THE END

History sets a fashion note. Deborah Kerr's ear-rings for *Quo Vadis* (below) are Roman; £180 chandelier (right) is in Egyptian style

What next in ear-rings?

by HILARY AGATE

There's a new style every day—if you have an ear for it

WITHIN days of the second Russian earth satellite rocketing into space with the mongrel dog Laika on board, a Soho jeweller named James Gay marketed in London an impressionistic Sputnik ear-ring. A gilt globe, complete with antennae and a plastic porthole revealing a small dog, it sold quickly at 12s. 6d.

On television, comedienne Beryl Reid, who has a collection of a hundred ear-rings, wore an outsize version of the Sputnik model containing a flashing light. A day or two later, Gay's trinket had practically sold out.

British women today own five times as many ear-rings as they did in 1938. Jewellers say that two out of three women between the ages of sixteen and fifty regularly wear ear-rings.

Once considered to make a woman overdressed, they are now regarded as a normal accessory, even with beach wear or a kitchen apron.

More than two hundred ear-ring manufacturers in Britain, varying from one-man businesses to concerns employing several hundred people, currently produce some seven million pairs of ear-rings a year, worth about £1,500,000. Another five million pairs made overseas are marketed here.

Jewellers contend that they have to thank the Queen, women television announcers and such panel game artists as Lady Barnett and Barbara Kelly for stimulating the fashion in ear-rings.

Three pairs a month

The severe lines of recent dress fashions have abetted the ear-ring boom by creating a need for bold jewellery. "But perhaps the most important factor," says a West End jeweller, "is that young girls today have much more money to spend.

"An older woman may buy one pair of ear-rings a year. Some teenagers buy two or three pairs a *month*."

Ear-ring prices range from a shilling a pair to £10,000 for a hand-made pair containing precious stones.

The leading ear-ring designers dictate the fashions almost as sternly as their counterparts in the world of dress. A few years ago, hoop ear-rings, some four inches in diameter, were in vogue. The fashion then moved to small studs and cluster designs.

The next move, say the designers, will be towards long, slender ear-rings. The lighter modern plastics, which have largely replaced the traditional materials of metal, paste, china and glass, have enabled women to wear much larger ear-rings without discomfort.

Ear-piercers have shared in the boom. A Manchester ear-piercer performs the operation on three hundred women every week.

Cyril Wilkinson, a dapper Londoner, who claims to have pierced tens of thousands of ears at £2 10s.-£3 10s. a pair, says that he has never been busier. Wilkinson's clientele has included twins of eight weeks, a woman of eighty-nine, the Queen, the Queen Mother and the Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester. Princess Margaret, who rarely wears ear-rings, has not had her ears pierced.

For more than five thousand years, women—and men—have worn ear-rings.

Early ear-rings worn in Britain consisted of coloured beads on hoops. Ornate jewelled sets became fashionable during the Renaissance. Charles I was wearing a single pearl ear-ring when he was executed.

In the nineteenth century, jewellers produced many exclusive designs for special occasions. In portraits, Queen Victoria wears a variety of exquisite drop pendant ear-rings.

Today, craftsmen in the smaller workshops meet most of the demand for exclusive designs.

Adele Leigh, the singer, recently wore a pair shaped like television aerials with notes of music superimposed. An American tourist ordered a jeweller to reproduce a pair of Greek ear-rings in the British Museum.

One West End firm specializing in expensive ear-rings reckons to have a best-seller if more than fifty copies of a design are placed on the market. This firm's customers have included Marilyn Monroe, Barbara Kelly—and the wax models at Madame Tussaud's.

One morning a woman walked into the shop, pointed to her hearing aid and said: "I want you to hide it." The jewellers produced cluster ear-rings which fitted over the aid—and a brooch to disguise the microphone as well. THE END

THE LAND GOD GAVE TO CAIN

by Hammond Innes

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

This man was our companion on a mission he was determined to sabotage. And in his veins ran the blood of a murderer

At last the mystery was to be solved. I—Ian Ferguson—had come three thousand miles to Labrador to find the uncharted Lake of the Lion. I believed that two men, survivors of a plane crash, were still alive up there.

The plane's pilot, Bert Laroche, had trekked out of the wilds more than two weeks ago, claiming that his companions, Briffe and Baird, were dead. But my father had picked up a radioed SOS from Briffe which convinced me that Laroche was lying.

I flew to Labrador to open a search for the missing men. But everywhere I met hostility. Even Briffe's daughter, Paule, sided with Laroche and had begged me to return to England.

Despite opposition, I got to the end of the new Labrador railroad and to Camp 263. And there, Ray Darcy, an engineer, half-persuaded an Indian guide to lead me to the lake. It was then that Laroche, Paule and Bill Lands—the man who had organized Briffe's expedition—caught up with me.

I expected Lands would bundle me back to England, as he had already tried to do once. Instead, the opposition crumbled. Laroche and Paule said they would accompany me into the wilds.

I should have felt exultation. But, looking into Laroche's inscrutable face, I could feel only foreboding. . . .

PART FIVE

It was some hours later before Darcy returned, and he had Bill Lands with him. It had begun to snow and they came in stamping the stuff off their boots. When Lands saw me, he said: "Well, I guess Bert told you. We're gonna have one last try at locating them." It was in my mind to tell him that he'd left it too late, that Briffe and Baird would be dead by now, but his next words silenced me. "You may be right," he said in a surprisingly gentle voice. "Or you may be wrong. I guess it doesn't much matter either way. You're here, and by tonight there won't be a man up and down the line who doesn't know why you're here. If it's any satisfaction to you, your damn-fool obstinacy has left me no alternative."

He stood there, glaring at me. And then abruptly he said: "Where's Paule? We just been talking to the camp superintendent. He said she got in from Two-Ninety this morning. Have you seen her?" And when I told him I'd found her asleep in the hut, he asked me how she was dressed. "Did she have cold-weather clothing and a lot of gear with her?"

I nodded.

"Goddammit!" he cried, and he swung round on Darcy. "I told you, Ray. Soon as I knew she was here. Where is she now?" he asked me.

"I think she's gone up to the trestle," I said. "She was going to talk to Mackenzie."

He nodded angrily. "Yeah, I remember now. He was guide to her father one season. And Bert? Where's Bert?"

"He was here," I said. "He's gone with Paule to see Mackenzie."

"You think she intends to go in with them?" Darcy asked.

Lands said: "Of course."

"But surely you can stop her?"

"How? She's as obstinate as the devil. And I don't know that I'd care to try now. Her hopes have been raised and she's entitled to see it out to the bitter end, I guess. Will you do something for me, Ray? Will you go in with them?" He hesitated, looking at Darcy. "Bert's no fool in the bush. But he's been injured and I'm not certain—how he'll stand up to it."

"Sure I'll go," Darcy said.

"Thanks. Thanks a lot, Ray." Lands's tone was relieved. "You'd better get organized. You'll need stores for five, including the Indian."

"You think he'll agree to act as a guide?" Darcy asked.

"Sure. Paule will see to that."

Darcy nodded and turned to me. "Well, let's go up to the store and see

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

A sudden suspicion seemed to seize Paule. She grabbed Laroche and said, almost sobbing: "It's my map. . . . Give it to me please"

what we can dig up in the way of clothing. And then we'd better go and talk to the cook about the food we're going to need."

He seemed to take the whole thing very calmly, as though a five-day trek into the bush were all part of the day's work. I felt very different about it myself and, as we walked down through the camp, my mind conjured up the picture of Briffe crouched alone by that radio set—the only hope he had left of making contact with the outside world.

"CAN you handle a transmitter?" I asked Darcy, for I had a sudden feeling that in the end our own safety, too, might depend on it.

"No. I don't know a damn' thing about radio. Bert Laroche is bound to know."

But I didn't want to be dependent on Laroche. "He might not——" I hesitated. "He might get sick."

"You're thinking of Briffe and Baird's radio? Well, yes, I guess it'd help if somebody besides Bert knew about it. We'll have a word with the operator here."

We were at the store then, and for the next hour we were busy kitting-up. I came out of the hut completely reclothed, right down to string vest, long pants and bush shirt, and in one corner we left what seemed to me a mountainous pile of things that included axes and cooking utensils, all of which we must carry.

Back in Darcy's hut we were joined by Paule and Laroche. The set, bleak look on Paule's face as she sat down told me that something had gone wrong.

Lands saw it too. "Did you see Mackenzie?" he asked her.

She nodded but it was Laroche who answered. "Mackenzie wouldn't come. I left Paule alone with him for a bit, but no matter how she argued, she couldn't persuade him."

"What's his reason?"

"The caribou. He'd got word of a herd on the move to the north. Says he must hunt down his winter supply of meat."

"It's just his way of saying he doesn't want to go," Darcy said.

Paule nodded. "Why doesn't he? What is he afraid of?"

"Spirits—that's what he told me," Darcy replied.

"Spirits! But he is not superstitious. And he was afraid of something—something positive. He would not look at me, not all the time I was talking to him. But he did give me something." She put her hand to the breast pocket of her jacket. "A map of how to get there."

LAROCHE said: "A map?" in a tone sharp with surprise. And Lands said: "Let's see it, Paule. If it's clear enough——" He held out his hand for it.

She hesitated. "It's very rough," she said. "I got Mackenzie to draw it for me in his tent." She pulled a sheet of paper out and passed it across to Lands. "It is not very good, but I think perhaps we can follow it." She watched nervously as Lands spread it out on the table.

"At least it gives the lakes," he said. "Did he put them all in?"

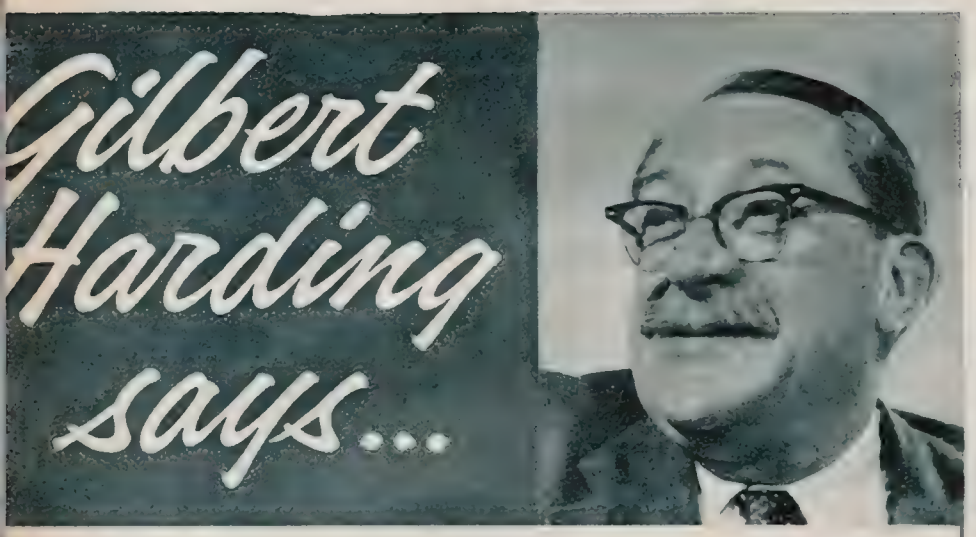
"No. I think just those that have a shape or something to distinguish them. But I think it is possible to follow it."

I raised the question of the transmitter Briffe had used. It seemed essential that we should be able to make use of it if necessary, and I thought Laroche would say he could operate it. But all he said was: "The transmitter went down with the plane. I told you that already."

The meeting broke up and I asked Darcy to take me down to the radio shack. Trudging down through the frozen camp, I wondered if I could persuade the operator to keep a regular watch for us on Briffe's frequency. I said: "I suppose the radio operators here are kept pretty busy?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Darcy answered. "There's not all that traffic."

The dark shape of a hut loomed up



This Test match stuff is NOT cricket

LUCKILY I have noticed that the first Test match is to begin this week at Brisbane. Usually I know so little about such things that I am not sure whether a sad face or a glad face is demanded when taxidrivers, or barmen, or other chatty chaps slip me bits of mysterious information about "putting them in . . ." or "Watson's playing . . ." or "128 for 4."

Don't, however, run away with the idea that I have no interest in cricket.

My father, also Gilbert Harding, played for a minor county, Herefordshire. He was a good left-hand bowler, and a stout, slogging right-hand batsman.

He used to say to my mother, about me: "He's your responsibility now, but just wait until he's old enough to hold a bat. Then I'll tame him."

Missed the game

Alas, before my fifth birthday my father was dead, so I was never tamed and never taught to play a good game of cricket.

At school, I was so clumsy at the game that the captain usually got rid of me by sending me as far away as possible into the deep field. This was extremely depressing, as it meant that I had a long and tiring walk between each over.

I know that I did not score more than twenty runs in all my school life, because I recorded my own batting average with the earnestness of the young who take themselves seriously. It was expressed in decimals.

But if I am without pride of performance, I am certainly not beyond caring about the game. I do care, a great deal. I can even tell you what is wrong with cricket, or rather what is wrong with our lamentable attitude to it.

We have forgotten how to keep our eyes on the ball.

Cricket is the dullest game in the world. It is unspeakably, beautifully boring. Most of the time, nothing much happens. The whole charm, the fascination, of the game is that, at any moment, something *might* happen.

The pleasant hours

I can think of few more pleasant ways in which to spend an hour or so after luncheon than to watch cricket, sitting in a deck chair in the shade of some splendid tree, or ensconced in a friend's box at Lord's.

For long intervals, there is almost nothing to watch. But I have only to doze for a second, or pull my panama over my eyes, or turn away for a word or two with a friend, and that sudden gasp comes from the crowd, that ripple of clapping breaks out, to tell me that I have missed some brave and artistic cut, a daring open-shouldered drive, or the panther-like move of a fieldsman which sometimes borders on the miraculous.

Such beautiful and thrilling moments, when they are seen, are the very essence of cricket.

It is not a game, like the ice hockey I used to watch in Canada, in which every moment is packed with punch—and with punches, too, for in ice hockey passions are as hot as the setting is cold. Cricket moves at a statelier tempo, as it should, and it is that that we have forgotten.

We have tried to surround the game with barney and ballyhoo and sensation-mongering, with "clashes" and "storms" on and off the field, with wrangles about the state of the pitch and rows about the judgment of sorely tried umpires, the tactics of captains or the choices made by selectors.

The game just won't stand it. It is like giving the hot jazz treatment to a garden party.

The commentators and those who write about cricket are the worst of all. Most of them seem to have lost sight of the ball altogether. I suppose that they have their bread and butter, and I hope beer, to earn and to some extent I sympathize with them in their dilemma.

Young life story

I remember my first efforts to keep a diary. Those platitudinous big-wigs who tell small boys at school speech days that life is like a game of cricket are not far off the mark. Try as I would to bring some drama into my young life, inevitably there were days and days when all I could find to record was "Nothing much."

Well, there is often "nothing much" to record during a cricket match. But this is no use to the writers and commentators who must always have something happening, who must comb the changing rooms for tittle-tattle and foster every minor feud into a major "clash."

Chuck it, I say! Be off, and find your tawdry, ephemeral sensations elsewhere. And leave this noble game alone.

There was a time when cricket inspired good, honest writing.

Nowadays the way we treat it seems sometimes to drive the spectators into a frenzy, and to infect the players with an egocentric fever. It has become the fashion for the idols of cricket to wash their dirty linen in public, which not only rocks their pedestals but makes me wonder what their feet are made of.

That is why, although I shall keep an eye or an ear on what happens in Brisbane, when I really want to enjoy the game I shall continue to go off to some smaller field near Brighton, where some of the players may be wearing braces, but will be in the game for the sheer fun of it, will hit the ball joyously from time to time, and not care too much who wins. THE END

Journey into fear

continued from previous page

behind the blazing eyes of its windows. Darcy went to the far end of it and pushed open the door. The heater was going full blast, the small room oven-hot, and a man in a T-shirt raised his eyes reluctantly from the magazine he was reading. His face looked pale behind a straggling beard and his body lay slack against the tilted chair. Even when I explained what I wanted, and why, his tired eyes showed no flicker of interest. Yes, he knew how a set like Briffe's worked and, when I insisted that he explain, he grudgingly drew it out for me on his pad.

I couldn't help comparing him with my father, a radio enthusiast. This man was just an employee doing a routine job. He had tilted his chair back again and picked up the magazine.

I hesitated, unwilling to commit ourselves to him. Our lives might depend on radio contact. Then I remembered the little Lancashire chap at Camp 134 who had been so helpful.

"Could you get Perkins down at One-three-four?" I asked.

"Perkins? I guess so. If he's on duty." Reluctantly he hitched his chair forward and began to call.

AND then Bob Perkins's voice was there in the room, the solid North Country accent sounding homely and reliable. When I told him who I was, he cut in immediately with the information that a cable had come in for me from Farrow, the pilot who had flown me here from England. "Arrived shortly after midday," Perkins said, "but I decided to sit on it. There's been a proper flap on about you and I was afraid if I started radioing messages to you at Two-six-three, it'd give the game away like. You're at Two-six-three now, are you? Over."

"Yes," I said and flicked the switch back to receiving.

"Aye, I thought you'd make it all right. But I suppose they've caught up with you now. Are they sending you back to base, or what? Over."

"No," I said. "We're to make one more attempt to locate Briffe. I'm leaving in the morning with Laroche and Darcy." And I explained then that I hoped to find Briffe's transmitter still serviceable. "Will you do me a favour and keep a radio watch for us? Any time you like, but I must know that I can rely on somebody to pick up any message. Over."

"So you're going in with Laroche, eh?" Even the loudspeaker couldn't conceal the surprise in his voice. And then, after a pause, he said: "You'd better take down Farrow's cable."

The radio operator pushed his message pad towards me and reached for the pencil behind his ear. And then Perkins's voice was saying: "Message reads—'Mother desperate your departure Labrador in ignorance Alexandra Ferguson's diary stop Diary shows grandfather killed by partner Lion Lake stop Partner's name Pierre Laroche stop Fears may be some connection. . . .'"

LAROCHE! It was as though my father had suddenly called to me across the ether in Perkins's tin-box voice—called me a warning. *LAROCHE!* No wonder he had written it down in capital letters in his log book with the underlined comment: *it can't be.*

It was all clear to me in a blinding flash and I turned on Darcy. "They're related, aren't they?" I cried. "You knew they were related." I didn't need his nod to confirm it; he'd been so careful not to mention the surname of my grandfather's companion and killer in that 1900 expedition.

"My God!" I breathed. "No wonder my father was so absorbed in Briffe's expedition." And I added: "Does Lands know about this?"

He nodded.

"And Paule Briffe?"

"I don't know. But I guess so."

Everybody but myself! They had all known.

"What's the relationship?" I asked. "What's this Laroche to the one that murdered my grandfather all those years ago?"

"Same as yours to Ferguson," he answered. "He's the grandson."

So it was as direct as that, and I hadn't guessed it—hadn't even thought about it. And then I became aware again of Perkins's voice. "Have you got it?" His tone was impatient.

I pressed the sending switch. "Yes," I said, and I turned again to Darcy, wondering whether he was feeling about it the way I was—the way I knew my father had . . . feeling that history was repeating itself. "Do you think. . . ." But I stopped there.

"It's just a coincidence," he said harshly.

A coincidence—yes, but a damned strange one . . . the two of us up here in Labrador and leaving together in the morning for the scene of that old tragedy.

I was so dazed by it that I had to ask Perkins to repeat the message. Apparently my mother, faced with the fact that I was actually in Labrador, was determined now that I must see the diary before I took any further action. It was being flown out to Montreal on the next flight.

But it was too late, and anyway it didn't seem to matter. The one vital fact was in my possession. "We leave first thing in the morning," I told Perkins, and then went on to arrange with him that he should keep watch between seven and half past, morning and evening. His last words were: "Well, good luck, and I hope it keeps fine for you." Banal words, and only a voice out of the ether, but it was good to know that somebody would be listening out the way my father had.

And then we were outside the radio shack and it was snowing, hard little crystals of ice. Darcy took my arm, his gloved fingers pressing hard against the bone. "It's a coincidence," he repeated. When I didn't say anything, he added: "Best forget all about it. This isn't going to be any picnic."

I didn't need him to tell me that! But it was manifestly absurd for him to suggest that I should forget that Laroche was the grandson of a homicidal maniac. Once a thing like that is put into your mind, it stays, and all the time we were discussing the final arrangements for our departure in the morning, I found myself watching Laroche's face, searching for some definite indication of the mental instability that I was certain he'd inherited.

And later, after we'd turned in, I couldn't get the past out of my mind, and lay awake for a long time, watching the red-hot casing of the stove gradually dull and listening to the howl of the wind against the thin wood walls.

I woke to the shrill of the alarm clock in that dead hour before dawn and knew that this was the day and that there was no turning back. The light snapped on and I opened my eyes to see Darcy bent over the stove in his long woollen underpants. He struck a match and said: "You'd best get moving. Breakfast's in quarter of an hour."

We washed and shaved and then went down through the white desert of the camp. Paule Briffe was already in the diner and the lights blazing on the empty tables made the place look vast. Laroche came in shortly afterwards.

We ate in silence, joined by the driver of the truck we'd been allocated, each of us wrapped in our private thoughts. And then we loaded the truck and left, and the little camp was swallowed up by the blizzard.

Darcy had arranged to borrow a canoe from Camp 290. The truck

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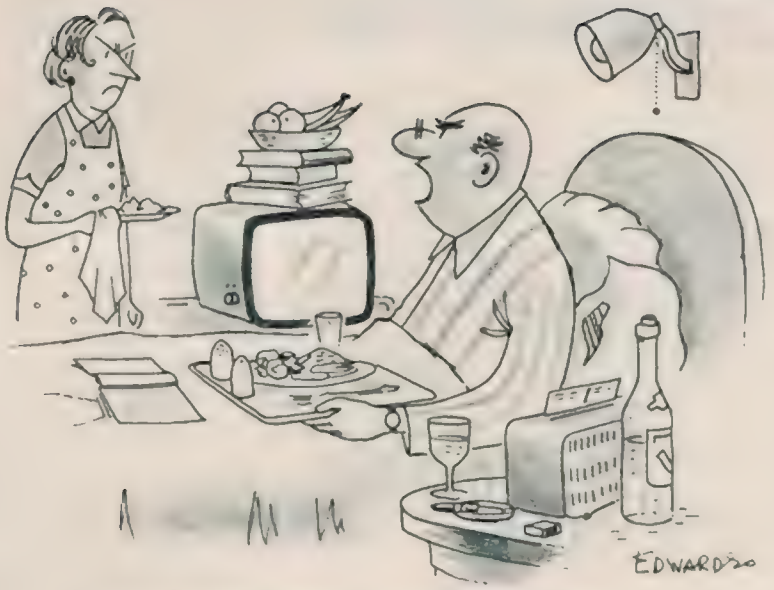
AGE—1

Forty is the old age of youth;
fifty is the youth of old age.

Victor Hugo



"Anyone would think I enjoyed feeling poorly . . ."

bringing it down was due at the rendezvous at 07.00 hours. But when we finally got there, more than two hours late because of the drifts, there was no sign of it. It was not till eleven that it finally rolled in. We drove back down the Tote Road, to the point where Laroche had crossed it on his trek out. And then we started into the bush, carrying the big canoe.

For a few paces the sound of the truck's engine stayed with us, but then it was lost in the noise of the wind and, when I looked back, the Tote Road had disappeared and we were alone, the four of us, with all Labrador stretched out ahead.

We camped that night on the pebble shores of a lake no bigger than a mountain tarn, the four of us huddled together in our tent for warmth. The blizzard had blown itself out and the trees had a Yuletide stillness.

It had been a bad day—the late start and then heavy going through deep snow. We had only been able to use the canoe twice, and that on short stretches of water. We were wet and dirty and tired, and we hadn't even reached the first lake marked on Mackenzie's map.

We were up at first light, busy rebuilding the fire and cooking breakfast. Then we made an early start. The canoe proved its worth that day. We crossed three lakes in it during the morning, and just after ten we reached the first of the lakes on the map.

We crossed it diagonally, picked up the old Indian trail and in no time at all, it seemed, we had reached the second of Mackenzie's lakes. But after that the country changed and became featureless. The going was good, however, the portages short and mostly easy.

I was walking ahead with Paule when we came to a small lake and had to wait for Darcy and Laroche, who were bringing up the canoe.

"You're sure it is Lake of the Lion where they crashed?" she demanded.

The suddenness of the question took me by surprise. "Yes," I said. "It's quite clear from the message——"

"I know." She made an impatient gesture with her hand. "But Albert has never admitted it is Lake of the Lion. He never saw the rock. And now he says Mackenzie's map is taking us too far south. He wants us to go farther north."

I KNEW then that Laroche was going to try and turn us away from the lake, and I asked: "How does he know we're too far south?"

"Because he has recognized nothing. If it is Lake of the Lion and the map is correct, then all day we must have been passing through the same country he came through on his trek out, but he does not recognize it. I don't know what is best to do—to follow the map or turn north until we find something that he recognizes."

There was a movement in the jackpine behind us and Laroche and Darcy emerged, bent under the cumbersome load of the canoe.

"We must stick to the map," I told her urgently.

She showed no sign of having heard me. Instead she said to Laroche: "Did you see anything you recognized?"

He shook his head. "I told you before, my route was north of the one Mackenzie drew you. And now we're even south of that. We're getting pushed south all the time." He turned to Darcy. "What do you think?"

Darcy nodded. "It's like Bert says," he told Paule. "It's the way the darned country's built. It's edging us south all the time."

She hesitated, glancing from one to the other of them. "Then we'd better go north-east for the rest of the day."

And so it was decided. Nobody asked me what I thought, and anyway I couldn't have argued with them. But I didn't like the thought of turning north. It was the way Laroche wanted us to go, and north lay the Arctic.

In the early evening we reached a sheet of water. Paule was instantly convinced that this was the third lake Mackenzie had marked. So was Darcy. Laroche was doubtful.

PAULE asked him to produce the map, and leaning over his shoulder as he squatted on the ground holding it for her, she cried: "There, you see! He has marked that bank. I remember he told me it only just showed above the water, an island of pebbles he called it. I'm sure this is the lake he meant. Even the shape of it is the same."

Laroche began to fold the map. "I'm not so sure. But, anyway, we'll cross it."

Paule frowned. "Let me have another look at it. Mackenzie is usually very accurate."

But he had already risen to his feet. "However much you look at it," he said, "you'll never be certain whether it's this lake or not." He put the map back in the breast pocket of his parka. "If we're going to cross before dark, we'd better get moving."

Whether she had suddenly become suspicious, I don't know. It was a fact—and I had been conscious of it for some time—that Laroche had never once let the map out of his hands since we started. Maybe it was just that she was tired and in a petulant mood. At any rate, she caught hold of his arm. "Albert. Give it to me. It's my map." And when he told her it was quite safe in his pocket, she repeated: "It's my map. I want it. Give it to me, please." She was almost sobbing.

"Steady, Paule." Darcy caught hold of her arm, none too gently, and pulled her away. "The map's okay and we got to get across. A lake the size of this could hold us up for days if it came on to blow."

Abruptly the violence of her mood

continued on page 30

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Christmas presents made at home don't have to wear a "home made" look. These eight easy-to-make gifts have a professional finish, and won't take you longer than a few evenings to make

DRIED-LEAF LAMPSHADES

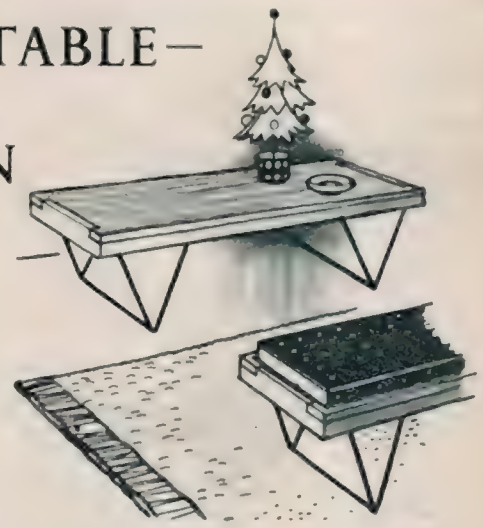
Collecting and pressing decorative leaves and hedgerow flowers was a favourite Victorian hobby. Like Victorian furniture, it is back in favour, but with a new twist. With pressed dried leaves you can create charming Christmas presents for home-loving friends. They make pretty pictures, arranged on a white card, stuck and framed, and between two layers of rice-paper as decoration for Japanese style screens to put in front of a window.

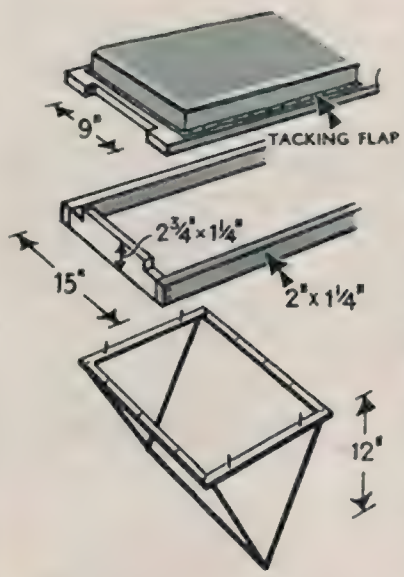
This lampshade is a simple version of the same idea. Buy a cheap white card or parchment shade, and enough transparent Con-Tact (3s. 9d. a yard) to cover it. As a guide, this one took half a yard, and measures 10½ in. high, 9 in. diameter at bottom. Make a pattern of the shade by wrapping a piece of brown paper round it and marking top, bottom and side-joins, then use this for cutting the Con-Tact. Next plan where you are going to put the dried leaves, and stick them lightly in place on the lampshade. Strip the backing paper off the Con-Tact, and stick it carefully on to the shade over the leaves. If you are very nimble-fingered, you could make a surprise version by sticking the leaves to the inside, so that the shade would be decorated with leaf shadows only when the lamp is lit up.

Above: Sticking dried leaves in position on the white lampshade. Do not use too much glue; you may mark the shade

Left: The finished lampshade glows and the silhouettes of leaves make a pretty design

TURNOVER TABLE— TURN AGAIN AND IT'S A STOOL





When not in use as a padded bench, turn the top of this unit over, and it becomes a coffee table. Simple to make, it stands on a pair of ready-made steel legs. My bench-coffee table is five feet long. Make yours in a length to suit your room.

Cut two side members of the frame to your chosen length. Cut two end members, 12½ in. long, as shown in the diagram. Assemble the frame, with glue and 2½-in. screws. Fill the screw holes with wood filler, and sand smooth.

If the ready-made holes in the leg units don't fit your frame, drill two ¼-in. holes in the end members of the leg units. Screw the legs to the underside of the seat frame, placed about 4 in. from the ends, using 1½-in. round headed screws.

Make the removable top the same length as the seat frame, and 15 in. wide. Use ¼-in. ply, faced with a decorative veneer. Cut the rebates in either end to fit the projections on the frame ends. Sand all the edges smooth.

For the cushion, use latex foam, 11 in. wide, 2½ in. thick, and 3½ in. shorter than the seat. Cover it with a piece of gay material leaving a flap all round which can be tacked to the seat with braid and upholstery tacks.

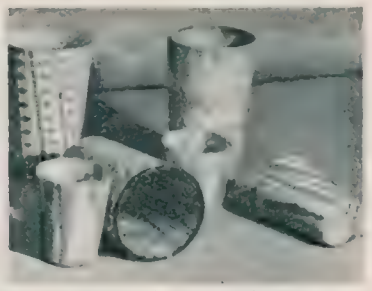
FLUFFY RUG

Luxury afoot for a special present—a lambswool rug you can make yourself in three evenings, with a kit consisting of small pieces of lambswool—not too small—felt, hessian backing, and a special glue to stick them all together. In many shapes and sizes, prices from 35s. for a long-haired mat 28 in. by 12 in., from the Lambswool Manufacturing Co., The Triangle, Birstall, Leicestershire.

BAKING TIN FRAME-UP

The pictures are cut from magazines; the frames are a set of baking tins for a sandwich sponge cake. This is an effortless and attractive way of framing sets of prints. The tins should first be painted with lacquer, either the same colour all over, or with a different colour inside to serve as a mount. You will need two or three coats to get a really smooth finish. When the frames are dry, stick your pictures into them, positioning them carefully. Lastly, paint over the pictures with protective clear varnish, and attach pairs of rings for picture cord to the backs of the tins with tape and contact adhesive.

WALLPAPERED GLASSES



You can turn ordinary tumblers into distinctive glasses with glazed paper decoration. The ones in the picture are decorated with book end-papers, but any coloured paper would do. Cut shapes to fit the glasses out of the paper, by rolling the glasses over the surface and tracing their outlines. Then stick the pieces of paper to the outside and bottom of the glass. It is doubly effective to have two layers—one facing inwards, one outwards. Allow the paper to dry, paint the glass with Chintex Clear Glaze, and bake in the oven for an hour at 220 deg. F. or Regulo 2. Glass objects should be brought up to the right temperature gradually, and allowed to cool in the oven. Sudden changes in temperature may crack them.

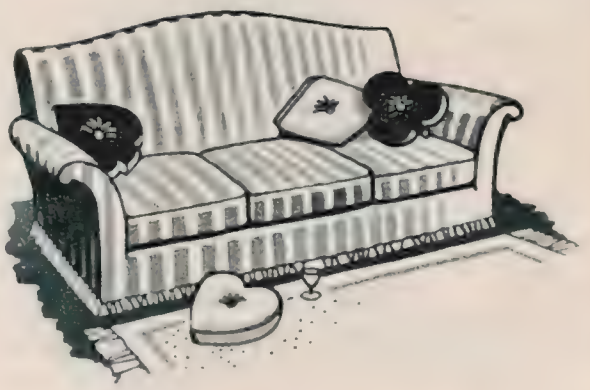
BOTTLES OF STRING

To make this elaborately decorative all-purpose decanter, you need a well-shaped bottle and a ball of string. Soak the string in a creamy solution of cold water paste or flour paste for ten minutes until it is really soggy. Then wind it evenly round the bottle (below), starting with a coil on the bottom, and working up to the neck. Do not stretch it tightly, or it will dry leaving gaps. Dry thoroughly, then decorate the bottle in the same way with short pieces of string. Dry again, seal with Chintex Sealing Mixture, dry and finish with Chintex Clear Glaze. Bake in the oven for an hour at 220 deg. F. or Regulo 2. This will cover the string with a hard glaze like china.

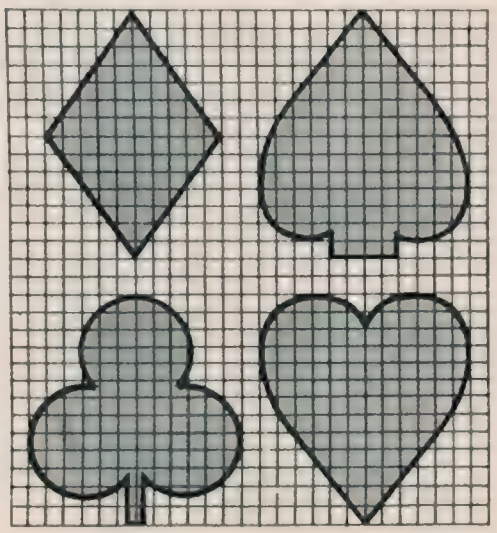
RAG BAG CHINA

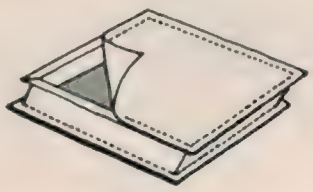
A decorated plate or dish makes a good present: this way you can make your own, using pieces of printed cotton or silk from the ragbag to "upholster" them. Put your plate face down on the piece of fabric, and cut round it, allowing a little extra all round for the dip in the middle of the plate. Soak the fabric in a creamy solution of cold water paste. Squeeze it out and spread it on the plate, working out air bubbles, surplus paste and moisture with your thumbs (above). Dry, then trim the edges with a razor blade. Rub over the plate with the back of a spoon to smooth. Then apply Chintex Sealing Mixture (below) with a stiff brush, and work it well in. Dry, paint over with Chintex Clear Glaze, and bake in the oven for an hour at 220 deg. F. or Regulo 2. Chintex products can be obtained direct from Chintex, Ltd., Yatton Court, Beaford, near Winkleigh, North Devon.

PLAYING CARD CUSHIONS



A set of cushions like this—two red, two black—would make a good present for card-playing friends. They should be made out of coloured felt which can be bought at art and needlework shops. This is usually 72 in. wide, so you would only need three-quarters of a yard each of black and red to make the whole set. Cut out the shapes, as shown in our diagram, allowing ¼-in. turnings all round. Measure round the edge of the cushion, and cut a long, narrow strip of felt. Stitch this round the edges of both sides of the cushion, leaving a small opening. Trim the corners, turn the cushion inside out, and stuff it with latex foam clippings, which make a springy, everlasting stuffing. In pillow-sized bags, these clippings, called "Fillofoam," cost 4s. 11d., from the Liverpool Latex Cushion Co., Yardley Road, Kirkby Industrial Estate, near Liverpool. Lastly, cover two buttons with matching felt, and stitch one on each side through the middle of the cushion to keep filling in place.





Above: Diagram for cutting cushion shapes. Each square represents an inch. Cut two for each cushion

Left: A long strip, its ends joined at the corner of the cushion, is stitched between the two sides to give the cushion depth. The sides should be 1½ in. deep

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The refined savage

continued from page 15

his painter friends, Manet was the most elegant, and Cézanne refused to shake hands with him when they met, often remarking: "I am not shaking hands with you, Monsieur Manet. I haven't had a wash for a week."

Cézanne disliked arguments and if he disagreed with opinions expressed he usually rose abruptly and left without any farewells. "To convince him of anything," wrote one of his friends, "is like trying to persuade the towers of Notre Dame to do a dance."

Cézanne learned, in the Impressionist way, to study the effects of light on surfaces, and of reflections, and to convey them entirely through colour and not through lines. "There are no lines in nature," he said in later years. "Pure drawing is an abstraction; by the very fact of painting one draws." He studied nature through eyes that saw what the Impressionists saw, but differently, and with more austere interest. Even in his early thirties, when he still had more than thirty years to live, his interest was not primarily in the effects of light in themselves, but in the way in which light, and therefore colour, reveals the hard structure and the planes of the objects on which it falls.

His world of colour

This needs some further explanation. Claude Monet once confessed that when his first wife, who was very dear to him, lay dying, he caught himself "analysing the succession of graded colours that death was imposing on her motionless face. There were blue, yellow, grey tones—tones I cannot describe." That, concluded Monet ruefully, was the point he had reached. With a similar absorption Cézanne concentrated on his landscape motif, or his still-life of apples and onions and glass of wine, or the heads of his portraits. But his interest was different.

He once surprised a young artist who made a pilgrimage to Aix to visit him during his last years by clutching a button on the young man's jacket and saying earnestly: "Listen! Everything in nature is a cylinder or a cube."

The heads he painted, especially the bald heads of his series of self-portraits, are heads observed as a succession of planes catching the light in subtly different ways. He saw the world in terms of changing tones of colour, defining changes of direction of planes, and revealing, in consequence, the structure of the object he was contemplating.

There are deeper reasons why a Cézanne still-life of apples gives so much contentment to so many people.

Many things in art—as in other experiences of life—cannot be put into words. Their mystery remains. But there is a quality in Cézanne's art that moves us as it does precisely because the painter had to work so hard to get down on his canvas what his eye saw.

Every inch alive

When a man does things easily and fluently, he may indeed do them with distinction and style. But precisely on account of his fluency there may well be a certain thinness or flaccidity, a lack of substance, in what he does. (What I am suggesting applies no less to writers.) Or again, working easily, he may concentrate on some dramatic or emphatic part of his canvas, and leave other parts relaxed and slack.

But when a man is chiselling out his meaning every inch of the way, the work that results, if it is good at all, is more likely to be charged with energy and life in every bit and part of it. So it is with Cézanne. There is not an inch of canvas of his that is slack or lazy or automatic. That is why some of them can be exhausting. They are packed tight and dense with meaning.

Every part of the canvas is vibrant with strokes of colour set down, often one colour superimposed on others, with infinite care and a burning honesty. Every stroke was put where it is out of a conviction won afresh from nature at each stage of the work, and set down for a clear and definite purpose. The result is of a gravity that moves the mind in a mysterious way. It is of a strange density, too. Even the atmosphere and the space between objects often seems as though it could be cut with a knife.

"The Card Players" illustrates most of these characteristics. It is one of a series of five paintings on the same theme, and there are also other finished studies of individual figures in various poses. The models are gardeners and day labourers. "Colour in its richness," Cézanne once said, "is form in its fulness." Here the subtle colours, themselves so expressive of a pensive mood, solidly establish the forms and all the articulations of the planes within them. The forms are weightily located in space, as if they had been there for all eternity.

The painting is, in fact, extremely complex, as complex as Cézanne's own eye. There is a feeling of life pervading it, as well as of a monumental stillness and repose. No doubt it borrows something of its effect from the tranquillity of the scene depicted. But its immense and moving gravity and dignity come from the integrity of the painting itself, and the way in which, with simplicity but also with constant variety, its final composition has little by little disclosed itself through the painter's analysis of what was before his eyes.

When he was working, Cézanne's patience was extraordinary, and his humility was unparalleled. He was out painting one day with a young artist friend when a girl passing by stopped to look at their work. "That one," she said, pointing to the young man's canvas, "is really beautiful." Cézanne was much distressed. "You should pity me," he said. "Truth comes from the mouths of children."

In spite of his occasional bravura and violent truculence, he was always thin-skinned, which was one reason why he lived in solitude. He could be morbidly sensitive, and often spoke of needing moral support.

Monet described him as a true artist who had too much self-doubt. On one occasion when Cézanne was staying with him, Monet thought that he could bolster up his friend's confidence by inviting over some fellow artists. "Here we are, all together," he said to Cézanne, when they arrived, "glad to take the chance of telling you how fond we are of you and how much we admire your work." Cézanne was dismayed. "You, too," he exclaimed, "are making fun of me." He left, and his unfinished canvases had to be sent on after him.

The anguish in which he always lived was produced by his feeling that he could never re-create nature's immensity and subtlety. "Here, on the banks of the river," he wrote to his son, shortly before he died, "the motifs are plentiful, and the same subject, seen from a different angle, provides matter for study of such powerful and varied interest that I believe I could occupy myself with it for months without moving, by leaning now a little more to the right, now a little more to the left."

Cézanne has been claimed as the "father" of this century's non-representational painting, of cubism and abstract art, for example, and he once described himself as the primitive of a new art. With an eye absorbed in the contemplation of the robust and rocky underlying structure of the world about him, he had wanted, he said, to make out of Impressionism something solid and durable, like the art of the museums. It was part of his achievement that he did so. THE END

AGE—2

Grecian ladies counted their age from their marriage, not their birth.

Homer

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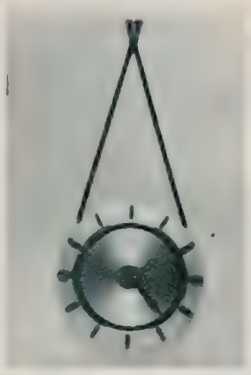
by ROGER SMITHELLS

Give them time

There's a clock for every room and every purpose. One of these may fill a blank in your Christmas shopping list

"Naseby," a miniature reproduction Cromwellian thirty-hour lantern clock in polished brass by Smiths. It is 3½ in. high and costs £4 19s. 6d.

This Anniversary Clock goes for a year without winding. From Selfridges and branches of Lewis's, this decorative model costs £8 17s. 6d.



An elegant pendant clock, "Dalkeith," in satin green or satin peach metal case. Sectric £6 15s. or hand-wound eight-day £7 15s.

Use it upright, as here, or laid flat as a desk clock. Ingersoll's "Two-way Bijou" has a dial reversible for either position. Cost £2 5s.

A thirty-hour "Repeto" alarm clock in ivory-finished metal case with luminous figures and chaplets on a white dial. By Smiths, £1 15s. 11d.

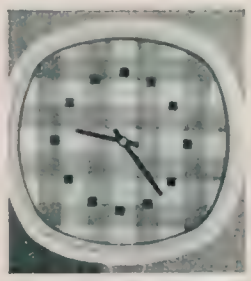
This floodlit Sectric "Autoglow" alarm is fitted with a control which gives a choice of soft or brilliant dial illumination. £3 9s. 6d.

A gold trellis design on a black ground decorates the Ingersoll "Cottage Bijou." The case is of brass. Price £1 15s. This clock is handwound

In a case of black and polished brass, Smiths's dignified "Brompton" clock is available hand-wound at £7 5s. or Sectric model, £5 19s. 6d.

A brass "Bijou" clock by Ingersoll available with two faces, either the scroll design shown here or with a plainer and bolder face. £2 14s.

This electric "Rainbow" kitchen wall clock by Westclox has red, yellow or blue surround which can be changed to match your scheme. £3 7s. 6d.



The "Gingham" wall clock in green, red or blue check on a cream porcelain ground. Hand wound £4 10s. or in a Sectric model £3 7s. 6d.

Another practical electric kitchen wall clock, the "Daventry" is made in red on white or white on red. A Smiths Sectric model. £2 19s. 6d.

See notes, "Is it later than you think?" page 6

Journey into fear

continued from page 25

vanished. "Yes, of course," she said. "You are right; we must hurry." And she gave Darcy a quick smile and went quietly down to the canoe.

The temperature had fallen quite sharply and it was cold out on the water. We paddled in silence and the only sound was the dip-dip of the paddle blades and the whisper of water along the skin of the canoe. On the far shore we made our camp for the night, ate our supper and bedded down in our tent.

When I woke, the stillness was gone, shattered by the crash of waves on the lake shore and the roar of wind in the trees. It was a grey day with a savage wind blowing out of the north-west and, as we started on the portage to the next lake, it began to rain. Soon it was sheeting down, slatting against our bodies with a fury that was almost personal.

THAT portage was the worst we had experienced, the ground strewn with boulders, slippery and unstable. Darcy and I were carrying the canoe, and all the time the wind threatened to tear it out of our hands. We were wet to the skin long before we reached the next stretch of water.

It was a small lake not more than two hundred yards across, yet the surface of it boiled under the lash of the storm and the waves were two feet high and breaking. We shipped so much water on the crossing that the canoe was half full by the time we reached the other side. And as we stumbled on over the next portage, the country changed again, and between the boulder ridges we came to a big swamp. There was no alternative then but to cross it. We came out of it wet and filthy and utterly exhausted, only to be met by more of it beyond the next ridge.

"Did you meet much of this on your way out?" Darcy asked Laroche as we stood looking at it.

"You saw the condition I was in."

"Yeah." Darcy nodded. "But how much more of this is there?"

Laroche hesitated, glancing nervously from one to the other of us. "We'll get into better country soon, I guess."

"How soon?" Paule asked.

"When we're near the lake. We'll be on rock then."

"Well, how near have we got to get before we're out of this damned swamp country?" Darcy demanded. "Two miles from the lake, five, ten?"

"I don't know." Laroche licked his lips. "About five, I guess."

"And all the rest is swamp, is that it? Fifteen miles of it at least."

Laroche shook his head. "I can't seem to remember very clearly. I'm sure there wasn't as much as that." And then he added: "We're still too far south. We should turn north until we strike the route I took coming out."

"No, we'll stick to the map," Paule said.

"But you can't be certain that lake we crossed last night——"

"I am certain." Her voice was suddenly shrill again. "And you admit yourself that you don't remember your route very clearly."

Darcy moved towards the canoe. "No good standing here arguing," he said. "We'll only get cold."

PAULE and Laroche stood facing each other a moment longer, and then they shouldered their packs and we started down into the swamp. It stretched ahead of us as far as our eyes could see through the curtain of the rain and we waded on and on with never a stretch of open water in which we could use the canoe.

We went into camp early that day on a little stretch of gravel where a few morose-looking jackpine grew. It looked no more than an island in that sea of swamp.

All night the wind beat at the tent. Twice we had to go out and weight the walls down with stones, and in the morning it was still blowing. But the rain had stopped and we saw then that our island was in fact a long spit of gravel running out from the shores of a lake that was bigger than any we had so far encountered. There was a big sea running out in the centre, and there was nothing for it but to camp on the shore and wait for the wind to drop.

It was here that we lost the map. Laroche had placed the damp sheet of paper on a rock to dry in the wind, and he'd weighted it down with a stone. At least, that was what he said. But we couldn't find the map.

"I guess it must have blown into the water," Darcy said, and Laroche nodded. "I didn't realize the wind was so strong here," he murmured, not looking at any of us.

Paule stared at him for a moment, and then she turned quickly away, got a notebook out of her pack and set to work to re-draw the map from memory. But though we all checked it with her on the basis of what each of us remembered of the original, we knew we could never place the same reliance on it.

We were pinned there on the shore of that lake until dusk, when the wind suddenly dropped and the temperature with it. We crossed at once on a compass bearing in near darkness.

We were all of us at a low ebb that night, and as we sat in the smoke of the fire, cooking our meal, the tension that had been building up all day between Paule and Laroche suddenly exploded. We had been arguing about the lake we had just crossed. It was too big for the Indian to have ignored it when drawing the map, and we were all of us quite sure that this wasn't the next lake he'd marked.

"Are you sure you don't remember this lake when you were trekking out?" Paule asked Laroche. "It is so big——"

"Exactly," he said. "It would have meant a detour of several miles."

"But you may have forgotten it. You were injured and——"

"*Mon Dieu*! I'd no canoe. Do you think I'd have forgotten about a lake the size of this?"

"No. No, I suppose not. But then you have recognized nothing—nothing at all." There was a note of exasperation in her voice.

"I've told you before," he said irritably, "I was much farther north. I still say we should turn north and——"

"Why are you so insistent that we go north, Albert?" There was a frightened look in her eyes. "You

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And cakes, and buns,
And little twisted rolls,
Greets me anew
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Throughout the living world.

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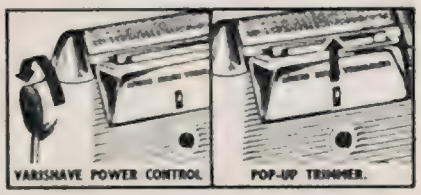

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Journey into fear

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never wanted us to follow the map, did you?"

"I was never convinced we'd crashed at Lake of the Lion," he answered her.

"Then why did you lose the map?" It was such a sudden, direct accusation that I stared at her aghast.

"It was an accident, I tell you."

"Very well. It was an accident." Her voice trembled. "But why did you refuse to let me have it? It was my map. Why did you insist on keeping it yourself?" And then, before I could stop her, she cried out, "What are you afraid of, Albert? You don't want us to get to Lake of the Lion. No, don't deny it, please. You are afraid of something. What is it?"

All my muscles were suddenly tense, for I didn't know what he'd do. But all he said was, "You must think what you like, Paule." And he got up wearily and went off into the trees. Darcy glanced quickly at me, and then he got up and went after him.

I was alone with Paule then. She was sitting quite still, as though her body were frozen rigid. But at length she turned to me and said, "What happened there, Ian? Please. Tell me what happened." Her face looked ghastly in the firelight and there were tears in her eyes. And when I didn't say anything, she caught hold of my arm. "I must know what happened," she insisted. "Please." And then with sudden violence: "Don't you understand—I love him. I love him, and I can't help him if I don't know."

"I don't know what happened," I said awkwardly. What else could I say? I couldn't tell her my fears.

"But something happened. Something terrible happened out there after they crashed. I can feel it." Her voice was distraught and she was trembling.

DARCY came back then and she let go of my arm. "I guess we're all pretty tired," he said heavily. "Time we turned in." Laroche came back, too, and asked for more coffee and Paule gave it to him.

The moment of crisis was over. But later, as we were going into the tent, Darcy stopped me. "I think," he whispered in my ear, "that we should see that they aren't left alone again."

I nodded. "It's only twenty miles now," I said. "Tomorrow or the day after we should know the truth."

Next day the going was good. The weather had improved and we had only gravel and small lakes to contend with.

By midday we had covered well over ten miles and all along the horizon there was a black, jagged line of hills. They were only small hills, little more than rock outcrops, but they marked the rim of the gravel pan; and when Darcy asked Laroche whether he remembered this stretch of country, he nodded. But he didn't seem able to recall any particular feature.

"But can't you see something you recognize?" Paule asked. "Surely you must have marked the spot where you came out into the flat country here. You knew you would have to go back and look for my father."

"I tell you I was too ill and exhausted to care."

She was about to make some comment, but Darcy stopped her. "It doesn't matter," he said. "Bert's already told us we'll be within about five miles of the lake when we get back into rock country. And if Mackenzie's map was accurate, then the river runs right across our line of march. When we reach it, we've only got to scout along it till we find the falls, and then we're almost there. . . ."

WE reached the hills two hours later. They were covered with a dense growth of conifer and as we started in, we lost the wide Labrador skies, and the going became rough. We camped early at the first lake we came upon.

It was a sombre little stretch of water, and though Darcy and Paule both fished it all the time Laroche and I were making camp, they had no luck, and we went to bed very conscious that if we didn't find Lake of the Lion within the next two days, we should be forced to turn back for lack of supplies. There was some talk of abandoning the canoe at this stage, but I fell asleep in the middle of it.

Though I was too tired to fend off sleep, my senses must have remained alert, for I woke suddenly in the early hours to the certainty that something was wrong and saw that Laroche was no longer in his place. I could hear him moving about outside. I peered out through the flap of the tent.

I could see him quite clearly in the moonlight. He was standing over the embers of the fire, shouldering his way into his pack. I saw him pick up his axe and fit it into his belt, and then he was gone from my line of vision and I heard his boots on the rocks of the lake shore. The sound gradually faded. I scrambled out of the tent to see his tall figure moving like a ghost in the moonlight down the far end of the lake.

HE was heading south—south, not north—and, without stopping to think, I laced up my boots and went after him, moving quickly through the timber. I emerged at the far end of the lake, and from the shelter of the trees watched him climb to the top of a bare outcrop of rock that stood at its southern end. He stood for a moment on the very summit of the outcrop, a lone, black figure against the moon's light, gazing back at our camp. Then he turned and disappeared.

I found my voice then and called to him as I scrambled after him up the steep rock slope of the outcrop. I shouted his name all the time I was climbing. When I reached the top, I could hear him ploughing his way down through the timber on the far side, and a streak of grey light in the east told me it would soon be dawn.

I plunged after him.

It was a stupid thing to do, for I'd no compass, no food, no equipment, nothing but what I was wearing, and the conifer growth was so thick that I could only follow him by ear. This meant pausing every so often to listen and, as a result, he gradually drew away from me, until I lost the sound of his movement entirely. Suddenly I realized that I didn't know my way back. I had lost all sense of direction.

I had a moment of sheer panic then and stood screaming Laroche's name at the top of my voice. And then, because there was nothing else I could do, I plunged forward again in the desperate hope of catching up with him. Luck was with me, for not more than a hundred yards farther on I came suddenly out of the timber on to the shores of a small lake, and there was Laroche, skirting the far end of it. I could only just see him, for it was snowing heavily now. "Laroche!" I yelled. "Laroche!"

He stopped abruptly and turned, and then he stood, staring back at me in silence. "Laroche! Wait!" I called. He was on the very edge of visibility and I knew, as I started towards him, that he'd only to turn and dive into the bush and I should have lost him for ever.

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***NEXT WEEK:** The secret we uncover at Lake of the Lion sends Paule berserk*

AGE—3

There are three classes into which all the women past seventy years of age that ever I knew were to be divided: (1) that dear old soul; (2) that old woman; (3) that old witch.

S. T. Coleridge

A kiss for the gangster's daughter

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home. But I had left more than wine and plump duckling behind me. I had left my heart.

"Did you see the Signor Antonio?" my father whispered anxiously when I came in. He was only a little less afraid of my mother than of the assassin, and didn't want to remind her of the offering.

"Like an angel," I breathed, still in a trance.

"An angel?" said my father.

"Such little hands," I whispered.

"Those little hands have killed better men than you," said my father irritably, thinking that I was making fun of him for being afraid of Antonio. And, as he said it, it was as if cold water began to run down my spine. Fiorella was the Signor Antonio's daughter. I turned so pale that even my mother noticed it.

"What is the matter with you?" she said, reaching for the castor oil.

"I'm in love," I said hastily, since I knew that any other excuse would result in a couple of centilitres of oil.

"Love!" cried my mother in fury. She turned to my father. "Give me the medicine cup, Paolo." And before I could protect myself, I had swallowed four centilitres of castor oil.

"Let that cure you of love," said my mother triumphantly.

For a long time, about a week, I lived on memory. But then the memory began to fade. And I knew that, even if she were the devil's daughter, I had to see her again.

EARLY on Sunday I waited in the café until I saw Eugenia and Fiorella going to Mass, the one bent and shuffling, the other the shapeless black bundle of shrouded, veiled virtue that I had seen a hundred times. But now! I knew the perfection all but stifled inside those yards of lace.

My hands shook and I nearly dropped the carefully folded note I had prepared for Fiorella. It contained a poem telling her that I was dying of love for her and that, if she would look out of her window that night at two o'clock, she would see me standing under the cherry trees of her father's orchard.

Holding the note ready, I hurried across the square, reaching the church door just behind Fiorella and her dragon. I brushed against her, pushing the sharp edge of the note against her hand. Once again I heard the divine voice saying, "Oh"; felt the delicate fingers start with surprise; and then close over my note.

That night, as the moon came up and the dogs cried on the distant hillsides, I climbed over Signor Antonio's garden wall with my heart in my throat. My knees were weak and I sat down against a tree trunk, content for the moment to drink in the moonlit scene of the kitchen door and six windows. If Signor Antonio had come out just then, I could not have made a move to escape. I should have lain there while he pumped me full of bullets, thinking, *perhaps her fingers will close my martyred eyes for the last time.*

A long way away, the town clock struck the hour. What was that? With a soft click of shutters a bedroom window opened a little. Farther. A pale shadow leaned out. Fiorella!

"Fiorella!" I called, springing to my feet. Why couldn't I play the violin? Or even the ukelele? But at least I could sing. *"O sole mio!"* I began.

IN her nightdress, her brown hair like a tawny waterfall about those divine arms, she leaned out towards me. *"Shshsh,"* she whispered piercingly.

I remembered Signor Antonio and Eugenia with a lurch of the heart. I stopped singing, and crept closer to the wall of the house. "Lean down to me," I whispered. And she leaned down until the soft strands of her hair reached almost to my upstretched fingertips.

"It is very wrong of you to come," she breathed.

"I know," I said. If I had thought of bringing something to stand on I could have touched her hair. Even her cheek. And if I had brought a ladder. . . .

"Is there a ladder in your garden?" I whispered.

"Oh!" gasped Fiorella. "How could you? If you were to touch that ladder in the little shed at the bottom of the garden, Eugenia would hear you!"

But I was gone. It was a step-ladder, suitable for pruning the fruit trees. I set it firmly under the window, and tiptoed up its steps until my face was almost on a level with Fiorella's.

"You mustn't," breathed Fiorella. "This is very wrong."

"I know," I murmured, holding a strand of her warm hair against my cheek. Her shoulder, smooth as ivory under the cotton nightgown, was an inch from my lips.

"Oh," she gasped as I kissed her arm. It was like an electric shock through every nerve of my body. I trembled wildly on the topmost step and Fiorella flung her arms round me.

"You'll fall!" she whispered. "Get down!" But her arms were holding me, and by now mine were holding her.

"If I sat on the window sill?" I breathed. "I should be safer there."

"But would I?" she whispered. Her lips were trembling with fright, and I stilled them in the only way possible. *"Ahhhh,"* we breathed together, our breaths mingling.

"Oh, Pietro!" she whispered, when she could whisper again. "How often I have seen you at mass! And how little I thought you could be so wicked as this!"

"Oh, Fiorella," I breathed. "How often I have seen *you* at mass, and how little I thought you could be as beautiful as this!"

Had we really kissed? Or had I dreamed it? I bent my head forward to make sure, pressed my arms about her soft, yielding shoulders, leaned forward across the window sill. . . . And suddenly the step-ladder, lurching beneath my feet, swayed outwards, and was gone.

I lay helpless for an endless second, clutching at Fiorella. And then, far below, like a hundred trees crashing in the forest, the step-ladder fell. Every dog in the district began to bark.

"Oh, oh," cried Fiorella. "Eugenia is bound to hear. Go at once!"

"The step-ladder," I gasped. "It's fallen. How can I go?"

I wriggled myself to safety across the window sill and into her room. She backed away from me with a terrified cry as if I were a stranger, and at that very moment the door was flung open and Eugenia came storming in, clutching a blue flannel dressing-gown across her stomach with one hand, and a lighted lamp with the other. "You!" she cried in a terrible voice.

From another room I heard the even more terrible voice of Signor Antonio, crying: "What is it? What is happening? Where is my gun?" And at that my limbs began to work of their own accord. I turned to the window, took a deep breath, and hurled myself out.

I don't know what I expected to happen, but in fact I landed in the middle of a cherry tree, crashing through its twigs and branches in a snowstorm of moonlit blossom.

I began running even before I struck the ground, bounding for the wall like a rubber ball. Behind me, another window was flung open and Signor Antonio's voice roared into the night. "Halt, or I fire!" A moment later his revolver crashed with a noise like artillery. But I was over the wall and running like a greyhound for home.

OH, if only that could have been the end of it! But I had been recognized. And Fiorella's reputation, even her life was at stake.

Would her father kill her? I slowed my steps. Would he kill me? I hastened them again. I thought of the concrete waistcoats in Brooklyn, and shuddered. Should I leave for South America? But I had no passport. And there was Fiorella. I remembered our kiss.

If only that ladder hadn't fallen!

I let myself into the house as softly as I could, but not softly enough to avoid waking my mother. "Where have you been?" she said grimly, coming into the kitchen as I tiptoed through.

"In Signor Antonio's garden," I said.

"In Signor Antonio's garden?" cried my father, coming into the kitchen behind my mother. He was in his nightshirt, his eyes full of sleep, and I realized that he, too, might receive a concrete waistcoat out of this affair.

"I think you had better tell us what this is all about," said my mother.

My father sat down when I had finished, looking round the small treasures in the kitchen—the clock on the wall, the old shotgun hanging above the door, the fine plates on the dresser, the wedding photograph of his parents in the mahogany frame. Then he spread his hands with a sad gesture of resignation.

"He will kill us all," he said.

"Never!" cried my mother. She got up and fetched down the gun. "We will defend ourselves to the last!" Her eyes flashed. "If he wants to shoot you, he must come up the road to the house. Wait at this window, and shoot him down like a mad dog the moment he shows himself." She crouched herself behind the kitchen window to show Father what she meant.

"It might be safer to run away," said Father, but both he and I knew that there was nothing for it but to obey. And so we sat down and waited for daylight, while Mother prepared for the siege, making coffee, and moving the dresser against the front door.

SUNRISE came in callous splendour, and the dusty road up to our farm began to gleam white as a dead man's bone in the sun. But nothing stirred. We heard the bells for Mass, then the schoolbell, but still no figure broke the whiteness of the road.

Was it a reprieve? Or a refinement of torture? I began to think of Fiorella, whom I should never see again.

My father suddenly said. *"Psst.* Is that somebody coming?"

We stared down the long road. A knot of figures was coming out from the village, black as death against the whiteness of the road. In the middle of them I could see the Signor Antonio, brandishing a revolver, and behind him two muffled figures, one of them the unspeakable Eugenia.

And the other? Could it be? It was! Fiorella! Even at that distance I could see that she was weeping, bowed down with grief. The monster of a father! To bring his daughter to see her lover die! At least that satisfaction should never be given to him, I thought, looking at the back window.

Father had the same thought in the same instant, and so had Mother, because she went across and closed it. The crowd from the village was a bare twenty paces away by now, and we could hear voices calling out: "Come out and face death like a man, Pietro!" And: "Assassinate them, Signor Antonio. Shoot them down without mercy, despoilers of families!"

In the middle of the crowd Signor Antonio stood looking thoughtfully at the muzzle of Father's gun, which was poking out of the window. Fortunately he couldn't see Father lying in a dead faint on the floor beneath it.

"Kill them," screamed Eugenia, and I saw her give a distinct push to Signor Antonio, until he stood alone in the centre of the road. "Go and massacre them, the vermin," the old harpy cried again, and the crowd roared approval. Only Fiorella's voice dissented, in a wail of misery and terror.

"I'll shoot him down like the dog he is," my mother hissed. She gave poor Father a merciless kick out of the way and crouched at the gun herself.

"Don't!" I cried, but it was too late. She had pulled the trigger. The gun, which was eighty years old and hadn't been fired since I could remember, went off with a roar of flame and smoke. Mother fell over with her face blackened like a devil's. Father sprang to his feet as if it were he who had been shot, and both he and I dived through the back window regardless of the fact that it was shut.

WE were among the rocks at the top of the hill before we as much as drew breath. But when we had time to look behind us, we stood stockstill.

The road in front of our farm was empty. And far, far down it towards the village, scattered figures were running for their lives. Somewhere in front I thought I could make out Signor Antonio.

"Sapristi!" said Father, gazing in astonishment at the empty battlefield. "We have won!"

We walked down to the house in slow, reflective silence. Was it possible that Signor Antonio was a coward? Had

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"I think it's a grain of sand . . ."

A kiss for the gangster's daughter

continued from previous page

he provided concrete waistcoats only for people less courageous in defending themselves than we had been?

We found Mother lying unconscious under the table, and revived her with a bucket of water and burned feathers.

"We have won," Father told her with calm determination, once she could listen to us. "The struggle was long and hard, but we have won for the moment. The next round," he said, striking his fist on the table, "shall take place in the enemy's camp. Pietro and I will go down and settle this matter once and for all." And, as soon as we had changed into our Sunday suits and reloaded the gun, we went.

OUR village street was deserted. Even the dogs seemed to have run away. But I could feel eyes on us as we walked majestically up towards the frowning fortress of Antonio's house.

Suddenly a thought struck me. I said: "Father, perhaps Signor Antonio has a shotgun pointing at *us* out of a window?"

Father stopped as if he had walked into a wall. *Corpo di Bacco,*" he said, "you have a long head on young shoulders. Let us sit down at that café table and think."

We sat down, and by the sheerest chance it happened that we chose Signor Antonio's own favourite café table. And evidently he took our action as the ultimate challenge, for, before the trembling waiter had time to come for our order, the door of the house opened and Eugenia appeared, more bent and shuffling than ever, fluttering a dirty white handkerchief.

"A flag of truce!" I whispered. "The day is won!" Behind the still half-open door of the house I could see Signor Antonio's pale face.

"The master wants to speak to you, if you'll lay down your arms," Eugenia quavered.

"Let him come out first," said Father, "with his hands empty."

The message was carried, and slowly, his cheeks ashen in the sunlight, and Fiorella supporting his tottering steps, the great Signor Antonio appeared.

We left our gun on the café table, and advanced, Father fixing Signor Antonio with a piercing glance, my eyes seeing nothing but the divine form of Fiorella—the tear-stained face, the tiny feet treading the ground like white birds.

"I love her!" I cried. "Unless you allow me to marry her, Papa, I shall die!"

"Marry the daughter of an assassin? Never!" cried my father.

"My only daughter marry the son of a bandit? A man who shoots at a wronged father with a cannon?" hissed Antonio. "Never!"

"Never?" I cried, and at that cry my poor Fiorella lifted up her lovely flower of a face and wailed aloud: "Never?" And, slowly as a flower wilting, she began to faint.

"She is dead," the people began to shout as they poured forth from their shuttered houses. "The bandits have killed her."

"Oh, love!" I cried. "Oh, little flower of my heart." I caught her in my arms and smothered her pale face with kisses. "Bravo!" cried somebody. "Ravisher of girls," cried somebody else. But the "Bravo" was louder.

"Do not dare to touch her!" shouted Antonio, clutching at his last remnants of authority.

"Father," I cried over the growing "Bravos" of the crowd. "Remember that no victory is complete without a prize. Are we to leave the scene of battle with empty hands?"

"Never!" cried my father. "I demand your daughter's hand for my brave son, Signor Antonio."

"Never!" whispered Signor Antonio. But his whisper lacked all conviction, and was drowned as deep as his shattered reputation in the "Bravos" of the crowd.

"My love," I whispered to Fiorella.

"My bandit hero," Fiorella murmured, her eyes still hidden by their petal lids.

"We are together for ever," I whispered.

And so it turned out to be.

IN the beginning, Fiorella was a little cast down by her father's shame, but, as I explained to her, and as the whole village came to agree, even the greatest assassin might become rusty in such a backwater as ours, and one should no more sneer at Signor Antonio than at a great racing cyclist who has retired and grown stout.

As you may understand, no more ducks and baskets of eggs are left at Signor Antonio's back door; but he is still treated with respect, as becomes a retired assassin. And if he is no longer the first citizen of our community, he has at least the satisfaction of being related to him by marriage.

And who is that new citizen, you ask? Why, who else but my father, the hero of the siege? Even Mamma becomes quiet now when he looks at her in a certain manner, and reminds her of what happened when Antonio Chirico, the great assassin, was rash enough to cross his path. THE END

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The golden world of Rosemary Brown

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and been lowered and held for her. The winch boy, impassive, sat at his controls, watching and waiting.

Lobatsoni came forward to give her a hand, and dropped down beside her into the skip. He spoke to the winch boy. The skip began falling gently, with a rumble and a roar. It shuddered and swayed. What if the cable broke? It passed several levels and stopped with a slight bump. Lobatsoni helped her out.

She found herself standing on rock, surrounded by rock. It was immediately above her head, and she could reach out both hands and touch the walls. The tunnel ran, in both directions, dead straight for some distance before it curved away. At intervals, naked electric bulbs gave feeble illumination.

Lobatsoni led her along the drive. There were tunnels branching off it, and occasional caverns and yawning pits where ore had been extracted. Then they went down a steep tunnel. There was little light, and it grew hotter as they neared the bottom, but she was gaining confidence.

They turned a corner. The noise, which had been growing all the time, was very loud now; a clatter of jack-hammers, driven by compressed air. Queer, gnome-like figures in the distance fought with the heavy implements, drilling into the solid rock face.

Rosemary picked her way forward and saw the top of Timmy's old black helmet. It was on the back of his head and he was crouching, hard at work.

His face was intent. The men squatting round him and shining their battery lamps on his hands, simply watched while he worked. Rosemary, standing watching unnoticed, could feel the tension in the atmosphere. Whatever he was doing, it was desperately urgent.

Suddenly he sat back on his heels. "Right. Lower away."

He stood up, slowly; and still he had not seen her. The boys didn't waste a second. Whatever the machine was that Timmy had been working on vanished into the shaft on the end of its flexible piping and was lowered down. Timmy, peering down, held up a hand suddenly. He made a sign and with a sharp whine a motor started up. He stood listening, and then the tension went.

Only then did he see Rosemary. And his delight was evident.

He came and stood close, putting his mouth to her ear. "Sorry I was busy." He had to shout above the racket of the drills, the whine of the big pump. "We had only twelve minutes."

"Why twelve?" she shouted back.

"It takes that long for the water to reach this level when the pump stops. If there's a breakdown we have to get the pump going again inside twelve minutes or it's flooded. Then the whole level would flood and it'd take a week to pump her dry again—if I had the pumps. Come on, let's get out of here."

He took her arm and guided her along the drive. The racket of the jack-hammers dwindled. Rosemary found her voice unusually loud.

"I've got some good news, Timmy."

He did not seem to have heard. "This is great, darling," he said. "I'd no idea you'd think of coming down. Always wanted you to, but you never seemed much interested."

His voice shook a little. She saw how excited he was, boyishly excited because she had come to see his mine. She bit her lip, fighting back the subconscious terror of this long, narrow tunnel. But, somehow, with Timmy beside her, it was not so terrifying.

"Could you stand that racket again?" he asked her eagerly. "I'd like to show you what we're doing. Come along to this winze and I'll explain."

Obediently she followed him, wondering how to tell him her news. Would he be hurt when he knew why she'd come?

"There's the reef," he said. "See? It's quartz. A lot of it is hungry quartz—barren. No gold in it. But there's plenty of pregnant ore, too. The gold shoot comes down here."

He put his finger on the rockface and Rosemary, trying to concentrate, nodded. "I can see it glittering," she said. He laughed. "That's not gold. That's pyrites. Never mind, it's pregnant quartz all right. So we sink this winze down one hundred feet to the next level, and then we stope it—cut it away, along the reef and let it fall down to the next level, where we can send it to the surface up the main shaft. But we've run into a doloritic dyke."

"What on earth's that?" she asked.

"A few million years ago, after the quartz reef had shot down into this fissure in the country rock, molten dolorite pushed its way up and broke through the reef and then solidified. That's the dyke. It could be a few yards thick, it could be a hundred. . . ."

"You mean——"

"We've lost the reef. To pick it up again we've got to get through the dyke. And it's pretty hard drilling."

ROSEMARY knitted her brows and felt a sudden panic. She had come in impulsive excitement to give Timmy her news. But it meant that Timmy would simply have to spend some money. With three months in hand she could transform the house. But that would cost a lot. And Timmy was calmly indicating that he'd lost his precious reef!

He saw her look of dismay and laughed. He said: "All this is only development work. Don't worry, darling. There's enough rich ore up above to keep us going for a year or more before we start taking anything out down here."

"But—will it cost a lot of money?"

"Can't say precisely. About four pounds a foot, probably. Depends on the dyke."

"And—it could be——"

"I've known dykes three hundred feet thick. But it could be only a score."

She held her precious paper out to him, in silence. He read it and his face lightened. He gave her a pleased grin.

"Jolly good. That's great news. We'll have to get things ready for them—give 'em a good time. As soon as I'm through that damned dyke. . . ."

Rosemary looked at him seriously, her excitement all gone, a new excitement beginning to take its place.

The mine had subtly changed its character. It had suddenly become something personal.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked quietly. "I mean, right away?"

"I'm going back to the office. I've got all my maps and surveys out. I'm going to try and calculate the thickness of the dyke and just where we ought to pick up the reef again. Tricky—but I could be lucky with it."

"May I help?"

She did not miss the light that came into his eyes.

"Come on," he cried. When, for the third time, Sixpence mooned into the office to inform them dinner was getting cold, Rosemary looked up almost impatiently from the fascination of discovering the complexities of the structure of the earth's crust.

And when, three months later, her father and mother were settled on the transformed and colourful veranda with their first Rhodesian sundowners, it was not easy to remember that winzes and stopes and drives meant nothing, as yet, in their lives, and that you could not really put into words the thrill of driving through dolorite in search of an elusive reef—and finding it again. And finding, incidentally, something more than a reef of gold.

"Bless you, darlings," she said, as they raised their glasses. "I can't tell you what that telegram meant to me."

As she spoke, she looked across and caught Timmy's eye. She knew that he knew, and was glad. THE END

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It's fun bringing up a dozen

continued from page 12

fast rules for bringing up children. Young couples must find their own way and not be diverted.

Honesty is the best policy, but it brings problems. Childbirth is no mystery in our family; after each birth the children troop into my bedroom to kiss the new arrival on the forehead.

But recently Paul has been asking: "What's a hydrogen bomb? What will happen if one falls on us? Will it hurt?"

If you say that you don't know the answer, I don't think the children believe you. They assume that you can't be bothered.

What I cannot stand is sympathy from people with one or two children who assume that my life as a mother of twelve must be continual drudgery. Even Beth helps me out, by answering the door and fetching me dusters upstairs—at the age of three.

Everybody helps

Recently I took Kathleen to the dentist and left the other schoolchildren their lunch. When I got home at 2.30 I found that Margaret and Jennifer had cleaned the room without any prompting and washed up the dishes before returning to school.

At the weekend all the children do household chores and one of the older ones goes to the shops. The only job everyone detests is mending.

It is true that I don't get to shows or to the pictures often, but I have no desire to. All the diversion I need is provided at home. What, for instance, could be funnier than two of the boys trying to walk round the living-room in one pair of outsize plus fours?

I have always been a voracious reader, I swim whenever I get the chance and I attend health and beauty classes.

For the sake of family harmony the children have not kept pets or learned musical instruments, but they are keen readers and they dance. The boys play football and Colin has taken part in amateur dramatics; some play tennis and some ice skate. Four have won scholarships to grammar schools.

Most of our holidays are spent at Sheerness on the Isle of Sheppey. There, somewhere buried in the sand, is the wedding ring I lost while swimming. I walked through the town to the nearest jeweller's without a ring but with a crocodile of children loudly calling "Mummy." Was I embarrassed!

This year I have been to Sheerness ten times. In March the children asked George what he was buying me for my birthday. He replied: "A house." Of course, they thought he was joking.

Armed with cash from an endowment policy we inspected a house advertized in a Sheerness paper. The paint was peeling, floorboards were rotten, the wallpaper was awful. But after an hour's inspection George decided that the place was structurally sound and a bargain for less than £500. So we bought it.

We crammed second-hand furniture into our Tulse Hill flat until it was splitting at the seams. Meanwhile, builder friends at Sheerness worked on the house, and in May we moved some of the furniture and spent our first weekend there—a holiday home, sleeps fourteen, five minutes from the beach.

To help to furnish it we persuaded the children to give up the rented TV set. That, I feel, is probably our greatest achievement. THE END

Montgomery

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mother nursed him herself when he could not move, but she was not a good nurse. He died in 1932 when I was commanding the 1st Battalion, the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, in Egypt. It was a tremendous loss for me. The three outstanding human beings in my life have been my father, my wife and my son.

We came home from Tasmania late in 1901, and in January, 1902, my brother Donald and myself were sent to St. Paul's School in London.

I hurled myself into sport and in a little over three years became captain of the rugby XV and in the cricket XI. The same results were not apparent on the scholastic side.

In English I was described as follows:

1902.—Essays very weak.

1903.—Feeble.

1904.—Very weak; can't write essays.

1905.—Tolerable; his essays are sensible but he has no notion of style.

1906.—Pretty fair.

Today I should say that my English is at least clear; people may not agree with what I say but at least they know what I am saying.

After I had been three years at St. Paul's, my school report described me as backward for my age, and added: "To have a serious chance for Sandhurst, he must give more time for work."

This report was rather a shock and it was clear I must get down to work if I was going to get a commission in the army. This I did, and in January, 1907, passed into Sandhurst halfway up the list without any difficulty.

By now, a very important principle had just begun to penetrate my brain. That was that life is a stern struggle, and a boy has to be able to stand up to the buffeting and setbacks. There are many attributes which he must acquire if he is to succeed: two are vital—hard work and absolute integrity.

The need for a religious background had not yet begun to become apparent to me. My father had always hoped that I would become a clergyman. That did not happen, and I well recall his disappointment when I told him that I wanted to be a soldier. He never attempted to dissuade me; he accepted what he must have thought was the inevitable; and if he could speak to me today I think he would say that it was better that way.

If I had my life over again I would not choose differently. I would be a soldier.

At that time the fees at Sandhurst were £150 a year for the son of a civilian, and this included board and lodging, and all necessary expenses. But additional pocket money was essential and after some discussion my parents agreed to allow me £2 a month; this was also to continue in the holidays, making my personal income £24 a year.

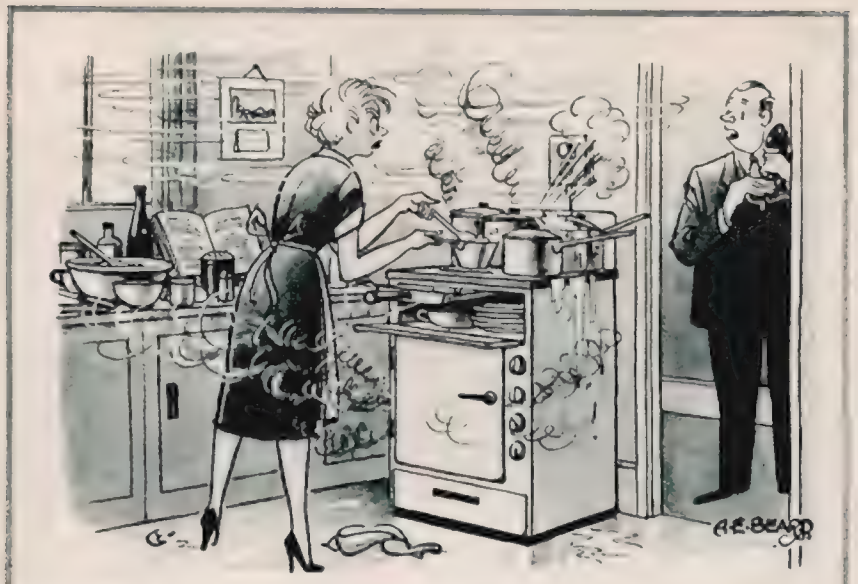
Battles after dark

To begin with, things went well. The custom at Sandhurst was to select some of the outstanding juniors, or first-term cadets, and to promote them to lance-corporal after six weeks at the college. This was considered to be a great distinction.

I was selected to be lance-corporal. I suppose this must have gone to my head; at any rate my downfall began from that moment. The Junior Division of "B" Company, my company at the college, contained a pretty tough and rowdy crowd and my authority as a lance-corporal caused me to take a lead in their activities. We began a war with the juniors of "A" Company who lived in the storey above us; we carried the war into the areas of other companies living farther away down the passages.

Our company became known as "Bloody B," which was probably a very good name for it.

Fierce battles were fought in the passages after dark; pokers and similar weapons were used and cadets often retired to hospital for repairs. This state of affairs obviously could not continue, even at Sandhurst in 1907, when the



"They can't come"

officers kept well clear of the activities of the cadets when off duty.

Attention began to concentrate on "Bloody B" and myself. The climax came when during the ragging of an unpopular cadet I set fire to the tail of his shirt as he was undressing; he got badly burned behind, retired to hospital, and was unable to sit down with any comfort for some time.

He behaved in an exemplary manner in refusing to disclose the author of his ill-treatment, but it was no good; one's sins are always found out in the end and I was reduced to the ranks.

A number of selected cadets of my batch were to be passed out in December, 1907, after one year at the college; my name was not included in the lucky number and I remained on for another six months. But now I had learned my lesson, and this time for good. I worked really hard during those six months and was determined to pass out high.

No lemon squash

I joined the 1st Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment at Peshawar, on the North-West Frontier of India, in December, 1908.

Life in the British Army in the days before the first World War was very different from what it is now. All the newly joined officers had to call on all the other units in the garrison and leave cards at the officers' messes. You were offered a drink in each mess and it was explained to me that these must never be declined; it was explained also that you must never ask for a lemon squash or a soft drink.

An afternoon spent in calling on regimental officers' messes resulted in a considerable consumption of alcohol, and a young officer was soon taught to drink. I have always disliked alcohol since.

The transport of the battalion was mule carts and mule pack animals, and as I knew nothing about mules I was sent on a course to learn. At the end of the course there was an oral examination conducted by an outside examiner who came up from Central India. He was considered to be the greatest living expert on mules and their habits.

This amazing man looked at me and said: "Question number one: How many times in each twenty-four hours are the bowels of a mule moved?"

The question was not one which I had expected. There was an awkward silence. My whole future was at stake; I saw my army career ending in disaster.

The examiner said: "Are you ready?"

I said: "Yes; six times."

He said: "No; question number one failed; no marks."

I said: "What is the right answer?" He told me it was eight times.

I then said: "It doesn't seem to me, sir, to matter very much whether it is six or eight."

He replied: "Don't be impertinent. Question number two."

I passed the examination in the end, and returned to my regiment with the firm hope that there would be no more hurdles of that sort to be jumped.

The battalion left Peshawar at the end of 1910 and moved to Bombay for the last two years of its foreign service tour. I had now begun to work hard and seriously.

The battalion returned to England in 1913, and in August, 1914, I was a full lieutenant of twenty-six.

It was to take the experiences of the 1914-1918 war to show me what was wrong in the army. My battalion mobilized at Shorncliffe. The mobilization scheme provided, amongst other things, that all officers' swords were to go to the armourers' shop on the third day of mobilization to be sharpened. It was not clear to me why, since I had never used my sword except for saluting. But of course I obeyed the order and my sword was made sharp for war.

We crossed over to France as part of the 4th Division. After some minor engagements on the Aisne front, the battalion was transferred with the remainder of the B.E.F. to the northern flank of the Allied front in the West. Some grim fighting then began and on October 13 the battalion was launched to the attack.

When zero hour arrived I drew my recently sharpened sword and shouted to my platoon to follow me, which it did. We charged forward towards the village; there was considerable fire directed at us and some of my men became casualties, but we continued on our way. As we neared the objective I suddenly saw in front of me a trench full of Germans, one of whom was aiming his rifle at me.

In my training as a young officer I had received much instruction in how to kill my enemy with a bayonet fixed to a rifle. Indeed, I had been considered good on the bayonet-fighting course against sacks filled with straw, and had won prizes in man-to-man contests in the gymnasium. But now I had no rifle and bayonet; I had only a sharp sword.

Took first prisoner

An immediate decision was clearly vital. I hurled myself through the air at the German and kicked him as hard as I could in the lower part of the stomach; the blow was well aimed at a tender spot. I had read much about the value of surprise in war. There is no doubt that the German was surprised and it must have seemed to him a new form of war; he fell to the ground in great pain and I took my first prisoner!

A lot of fighting went on during the remainder of the day, our task being to clear the Germans from the village. During these encounters amongst the houses I got wounded, being shot through the chest. But we did the job and turned the Germans out of the village. It was for this action at Meteren that I was awarded the D.S.O. I was still only a lieutenant.

My life was saved that day by a soldier of my platoon. I had fallen in the open and lay still, hoping to avoid further attention from the Germans. But a soldier ran to me and began to put a field dressing on my wound; he was shot through the head by a sniper and collapsed on top of me. The sniper continued to fire at us and I got a second wound in the knee; the soldier received many bullets intended for me.

No further attempt was made by my platoon to rescue us; indeed, it was presumed we were both dead.

When it got dark the stretcher-bearers came to carry us in; the soldier was dead and I was in a bad way. I was taken back to the advanced dressing station; the doctors reckoned I could not live and, as the station was shortly to move, a grave was dug for me. But when the time came to move I was still alive, so I was put in a motor ambulance and sent back to hospital. I survived the journey and recovered, I think because I was very fit and healthy after two months of service in the field.

Into battle again

I was evacuated to hospital in England and for some months I took no further part in the war. I had time for reflection in hospital and came to the conclusion that the old adage was probably correct; the pen was mightier than the sword. I joined the staff.

I returned to the Western Front in France early in 1916, this time as a brigade-major.

During the Somme battle that summer an infantry brigade, which had better remain nameless, was to be the leading brigade in a divisional attack. It was important that the brigade commander should receive early information of the progress of his forward troops since this would affect the movement of reserves in the rear. The problem then arose how to ensure the early arrival of the required information, and intense interest was aroused at brigade H.Q. when it was disclosed that a pigeon would be used to convey the news.

When the day of the attack arrived the pigeon was given to a soldier to carry. He was to go with the leading sub-units. The attack was launched and the brigade commander waited anxiously for the arrival of the pigeon. Time was slipping by and no pigeon arrived; the brigadier walked feverishly about outside his H.Q. dugout. The soldiers anxiously searched the skies; but there was no sign of any pigeon.

At last the cry went up: "The pigeon." And sure enough back it came and alighted safely in the loft.

Soldiers rushed to get the news and the brigade commander roared out: "Give me the message."

It was handed to him, and this is what he read:

"I am absolutely fed up with carrying this bloody bird about France."

Comfort for officers

When the war broke out I was a platoon commander. When it ended I was chief of staff (GSO 1) of a division and rising thirty-one, well able to think clearly, although my mind was still untrained. To an ambitious young officer with an inquiring mind, many things seemed wrong.

There was little contact between the generals and the soldiers. I went through the whole war on the Western Front, except during the period I was in England after being wounded; I never once saw the British commander-in-chief and only twice did I see an army commander.

The higher staffs were out of touch with the regimental officers and with the troops. The former lived in comfort, which became greater as the distances of their headquarters behind the lines increased. There was no harm in this provided there was touch and sympathy between the staff and the troops. This was often lacking. At most large headquarters in back areas the doctrine seemed to me to be that the troops existed for the benefit of the staff.

My war experience led me to believe that the staff must be the servants of the troops, and that a good staff officer must serve his commander and the troops, but himself be anonymous.

I decided to dedicate myself to my

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Montgomery

continued from previous page

profession, to master its details, and to put all else aside. It was not clear to me how all this would be done and I knew none of the top leaders in the army. I was certain that the first step was to get to the staff college at Camberley.

When I was ordered to report at the college, in January, 1920, the way now seemed clear. But it was not to be so easy as all that.

I passed out of the staff college in December, 1920. I believe I got a good report, but do not know as nobody ever told me if I had done well or badly; which seemed curious. However, I was sent as brigade-major to the 17th Infantry Brigade in Cork and went straight into another war—the struggle against the Sinn Fein in Southern Ireland. In many ways this war was far worse than the Great War which had ended in 1918. It developed into a murder campaign in which, in the end, the soldiers became very skilful and more than held their own. But such a war is thoroughly bad for officers and men; it tends to lower their standards of decency and chivalry, and I was glad when it was over.

I held various staff appointments in England until 1926, when I was sent as an instructor at the staff college.

I went to Switzerland for a holiday before beginning work at the college at the end of January. I was then thirty-eight years old and a confirmed bachelor. Women had never interested me and I knew very few; I disliked social life and dinner parties.

In Switzerland, at Lenk in the Bernese Oberland, I met Mrs. Carver and her two boys aged eleven and twelve. I have always been devoted to young people and I like helping them: possibly because of my own unhappy childhood. I soon made friends with the boys and with their mother, and the holiday passed pleasantly.

His love returned

I decided to visit Lenk again in January, 1927. Mrs. Carver was there again with her two boys. Her husband had been killed in Gallipoli in 1915 and the boys were taught to hate war and anything to do with soldiers. This time I saw a great deal of Betty Carver and by the time the holiday was over I had fallen in love; for the first and only time in my life.

My love was returned in full measure, although I was a soldier, and we were married in Chiswick Parish Church on July 27, 1927. A time of great happiness then began; it had never before seemed possible that such love and affection could exist. We went everywhere, and did everything, together.

My wife was forty when David was born, on August 18, 1928, and she was never very strong afterwards; but she was always energetic and happy.

In the spring of 1934 the battalion was stationed at Poona in southern India and while there I was ordered to hand over command and go as chief instructor at the Staff College, Quetta, being promoted colonel. We spent three happy years in Quetta, except for the earthquake in May, 1935, and I was then given command of the 9th Infantry Brigade at Portsmouth.

I had to go into camp on Salisbury Plain with my brigade towards the end of August, and I sent Betty and David to a hotel at Burnham-on-Sea for the remainder of his school holidays.

One afternoon when they were both together on the sands, Betty was stung on the foot by some insect; she could not say what sort of insect it was, and this was never known. That night her leg began to swell and became painful; a doctor was called in and he put her at once into the local cottage hospital, and sent for me.

She got worse and the pain increased; at last came the time when the pain became too great and she had to have constant injections and was seldom conscious.

By then I had moved into our house at Portsmouth; David had gone back to his school at Hindhead.

I spent all the time that was possible at the cottage hospital. There were times when Betty was better and other times when there was cause for serious alarm. I was summoned frequently in the middle of the night.

The poison spread slowly up the leg. Then came the day when the doctors decided that the only hope was to amputate the leg; I agreed, and gained hope. But it was no good; nothing could stop the onward move of the poison; we could only wait. The doctors did everything that was possible; the nurses were splendid; but the septicaemia had got a firm hold.

The last reading . . .

Betty died on October 19, 1937, in my arms. During her illness I had often read to her, mostly from the Bible. The last reading, a few minutes before she died, was the 23rd Psalm.

I buried her in the cemetery at Burnham-on-Sea. I would not let David attend the funeral and, indeed, would never let him come and see his mother at any time when she was in great pain and slowly dying. I could not bring myself to let him see her suffering. He was only nine years old and was happy at school; after the funeral I went to his school and told him myself. Perhaps I was wrong, but I did what I thought was right.

After staying with David for a while I went back to my house in Portsmouth, which was to have been our home; I remained there alone for many days and would see no one. I was utterly defeated. I began to search my mind for anything I had done wrong, that I should have been dealt such a shattering blow. I could not understand it; my soul cried out in anguish against this apparent injustice.

I seemed to be surrounded by utter darkness; all the spirit was knocked out of me. I had no one to love me except David and he was away at school.

After a time I began to understand that God works out all these things in his own way, and it must be His will; there must therefore be no complaint, however hard it may seem at the time. I had duties to others, to my brigade and as the commander of the Portsmouth garrison. I realized that I must

Families in trouble

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NEXT WEEK

get on with my work. There was also David to be considered; we were now alone in the world, just the two of us, and he must be visited regularly at his school and well cared for in his holidays.

And so, after a few weeks, I began to live again. My friends were delighted, and some even said that I would marry again. They little knew what they were saying. I do not believe a man can love twice, not really, in the way I had loved.

I was now alone, except in the school holidays when David was with me, and I plunged into my work again with renewed vigour. I made the 9th Infantry Brigade as good as any in England and none other could compete with us in battle on the training area. We were selected to carry out the special exercises and trials needed by the War Office in 1937 and 1938, and generally were in the public eye a good deal.

Intense loneliness

I had always lived a great deal by myself and had acquired the habit of concentration. This ability to concentrate, and to sort out the essentials from a mass of detail, was now made easier for me than formerly because of the intense loneliness that descended on me after my wife's death. I became completely dedicated to my profession.

In October, 1938, after little more than a year at Portsmouth, I was ordered to Palestine to take command of the army units in northern Palestine engaged in quelling the Arab rebellion; I was to form them into a new division, the 8th Division with headquarters at Haifa. This was a task greatly to my liking. I was now a major-general. But the journey to Palestine meant leaving my son David behind, and some kind friends at Portsmouth took charge of him for me.

In May, 1939, I suddenly became very ill; I was taken on a stretcher to the military hospital in Haifa and, since a patch was found on my lung, it was commonly supposed I had contracted tuberculosis. I got no better and finally demanded to be sent home to England; I was confident that once I got away from the hot and humid climate of Haifa, I should recover. I was sent to England in the charge of two nursing sisters and two men nursing orderlies, as I was judged to be desperately ill. I was.

The sea voyage put me right and I walked off the ship at Tilbury in good health. I went direct to Millbank Hospital in London and asked for a thorough medical overhaul; this took three days and the verdict was that nothing was wrong with me. I asked about the patch on my lung; it had disappeared.

On August 28, 1939, I took over command of the 3rd Division. This was a regular division, with headquarters on Salisbury Plain, and it contained the 9th Infantry Brigade which I had commanded at Portsmouth before going to Palestine. I was delighted. The 3rd Division was part of the British Expeditionary Force to go to Continental Europe in the event of war.

In September, 1939, the British Army was totally unfit to fight a first-class war on the continent of Europe. It had for long been considered that in the event of another war with Germany the British contribution to the defence of the West should consist mainly of the naval and air forces. How any politician could imagine that, in a world war, Britain could avoid sending her army to fight alongside the French passes all understanding.

In the years preceding the outbreak of war no large-scale exercises with troops had been held in England for some time. Indeed, the regular army was unfit to take part in a realistic exercise. The field army had an inadequate signals system, no administrative backing, and no organization for high command; all these had to be improvised on mobilization.

The anti-tank equipment of my division consisted of two-pounder guns. The infantry armament against tanks was the .8-inch rifle. Some small one-pounder guns on little handcarts were hurriedly bought from the French and a few were given to each infantry battalion. Apart from these, a proportion of the twenty-five pounders of my divisional artillery was supposed to be used in an anti-tank rôle, firing solid shot.

There was somewhere in France, under G.H.Q., one army tank brigade. For myself, I never saw any of its tanks during the winter or during the active operations in May. And we were the nation which had invented the tank and were the first to use it in battle, in 1916.

It must be said to our shame that we sent our army into that most modern war with weapons and equipment which were quite inadequate, and we had only ourselves to blame for the disasters which early overtook us in the field when fighting began in 1940.

Governments to blame

Who was to blame? In my view, successive British Governments between the wars and especially those from 1932 onwards, in which year the need for rearmament on modern scale began to be discussed. Until 1938 it never got much beyond the range of discussion, and by the spring of 1939 it was still proceeding only on a small scale.

The story of the withdrawal of the B.E.F., the desperate fighting that took place, and the final evacuation from Dunkirk and its beaches, has been told many times.

My division did everything that was demanded of it. There were no weak links; all the doubtful commanders had been eliminated during the previous six months of training. The division was

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Montgomery

continued from previous page

like a piece of fine steel. I was intensely proud of it.

Lord Gort, the commander-in-chief of the B.E.F., was a most delightful person, a warm-hearted friend, sincere in his dealings, and incapable of anything mean or underhand. He was the perfect example of the best type of regimental officer. But I have always held the opinion that his appointment was a mistake; the job was above his ceiling.

The campaign in France and Flanders in 1940 was lost in Whitehall in the years before it ever began, and this cannot be stated too clearly or too often. One might add after Whitehall the words "and in Paris." The situation called for two almost supermen from the British Army; one as C.I.G.S., and one to command the B.E.F.

Wrong appointments

The two actually selected were Ironside and Gort, and in my opinion both appointments were unsuitable. Furthermore, these two appointments were not made till war was declared; this, of course, was monstrous.

Gort was then faced with an almost impossible task. He faced it bravely and did his best; but much that should have been done was not done. I would say myself that he did not choose his staff wisely; they were not good enough. He did not see very far, but as far as he did see he saw very clearly.

Planning for the evacuation via Dunkirk was begun at G.H.Q., so far as I am aware, about May 21. Thereafter, Gort never wavered; he remained steady as a rock, and refused to be diverted from what he knew was the only right and proper course.

It was *because* he saw very clearly, if only for a limited distance, that we all got away at Dunkirk. A cleverer man might have done something different and perhaps tried to swing back to the Somme, keeping in touch with the French. If he had done this, the men of the B.E.F. might have found themselves eventually in French North Africa—without weapons and equipment.

Gort saw clearly that he must, *at the least*, get the men of the B.E.F. back to England with their personal weapons. For this I give him full marks and I hope history will do the same.

I arrived in London on the evening of June 1, 1940, and went the next morning to the War Office to report myself to the C.I.G.S.—at that time Jack Dill, an old friend.

He was despondent and said: "Do you realize that for the first time for a thousand years this country is now in danger of invasion?"

I had had a good night's sleep in a hotel and was feeling very full of beans. I laughed. This made Dill angry and he asked what there was to laugh about.

I said that the people of England would never believe we were in danger of being invaded when they saw useless generals in charge of some of the home commands, and I gave him examples.

He could not but agree, but he ticked me off for speaking in such a way at such a time in our misfortunes, and said that remarks of that kind could only cause a loss of confidence. My answer was that plain speaking between the two of us, alone in his office, could do no harm.

Again he agreed. But the next day I received a letter telling me to stop saying such things, which of course I obeyed; but one by one the useless generals disappeared.

Although I had been a corps commander at Dunkirk, I asked to be allowed, and was permitted, to go back to my 3rd Division, to re-form it and get it ready for what lay ahead.

We re-formed in Somerset, received our new equipment, and were all ready to start back across the Channel by the middle of June. Then France capitulated, on June 17.

My division was then ordered to move to the south coast; we were to occupy a sector of the coast which included Brighton and the country to the west of it, and to prepare that area for defence against invasion which was considered imminent. So we moved to the south coast and descended like an avalanche on the inhabitants of that area; we dug in the gardens of the seaside villas, we sited machine-gun posts in the best places, and we generally set about our job in the way we were accustomed to do things in an emergency.

The protests were tremendous. Mayors, county councillors, private owners, came to see me and demanded that we should cease our work; I refused, and explained the urgency of the need and that we were preparing to defend the south coast against the Germans.

It was not understood that the British Army had suffered a crushing defeat at Dunkirk and that our island home was now in grave danger. There was no sense of urgency. Churchill was to bring it home to the nation in words that rang and thundered like the Psalms.

It was in that summer of 1940 on the south coast, near Brighton, that I first met Winston Churchill and his wife. We were to become great friends as the war went on, and today I regard him as chief among all my friends.

My divisional headquarters were near Steyning, in a house lying to the north of the Downs. I was told the Prime Minister wished to spend the afternoon of July 2 with my division; he would arrive by car and I was to finish the tour in Brighton, so that he could return to London by train in the evening.

I was not impressed by politicians in those days; I considered that they were largely responsible for our troubles. But I was keen to see this politician who had for many years before the war been telling a series of governments what would happen; they had not listened, and now it had happened.

He arrived with Mrs. Churchill, as she then was, and some others, one of whom was Duncan Sandys. I have never discovered what Churchill thought of me that day; I know I was immensely impressed by him.

I showed him all that was possible in the time. I took him to Lancing College, inhabited by the Royal Ulster Rifles, and showed him a counter-attack on the small airfield on the coast below which was assumed to have been captured by the Germans; he was delighted, especially by the action of the Bren-gun carrier platoon of the battalion.

We then worked our way along the coast, finishing up in Brighton at about 7.30 p.m. He suggested I should have dinner with him and his party at the Royal Albion Hotel, and we talked much during the meal.

He asked me what I would drink at dinner and I replied—water. This astonished him. I added that I neither drank nor smoked and was one hundred per cent fit; he replied in a flash, that he both drank and smoked and was two hundred per cent fit.

This story is often told with embellishments, but the above is the true version.

From the window of the dining-room we could see a platoon of guardsmen preparing a machine-gun post in a kiosk on Brighton pier, and he remarked that when at school near there he used to go and see the performing fleas in the kiosk.

Then we talked about my problems. The main thing which seemed curious to me was that my division was immobile. It was the only fully equipped division in England, the only division

AGE—4

Every man desires to live long,
but no man wants to be old.

Jonathan Swift

DECEMBER PICTURE

December's here,
The cold conclusion of the year.
Turbulent torrents scrape and scour
The river beds, and daybreak hour
Is dilatory. In the field
The earth is split with wounds unhealed,
Where frost has laid
A cleaving, frigid blade.
And Nature, scrubbed and brushed and aired,
Is now prepared
To sleep till Spring's
Alarm clock rings.

NOEL SCOTT

fit to fight any enemy anywhere. And here we were in a static rôle, ordered to dig in on the south coast.

Why was I left immobile? There were thousands of buses in England; let them give me some, and release me from this static rôle so that I could practise a mobile counter-attack rôle. The Prime Minister thought this was the cat's whiskers. I do not know what the War Office thought; but I got my buses.

Just after much work, I was told to prepare plans for the seizure of Cork and Queenstown in Southern Ireland, so that the harbour could be used as a naval base for the anti-submarine war in the Atlantic. I had already fought the Southern Irish once, in 1921 and 1922, and it looked as if this renewed contest might be quite a party—with only one division.

None of these plans came to anything and I imagine that any work we did on them is tucked away in a cupboard in the War Office which is labelled "war babies."

In December, 1941, I was promoted to command the South-Eastern Army which included the counties of Kent, Surrey and Sussex.

As time went on and my experience in command increased, I tackled the question of fitness, physical and mental. Total war demanded total fitness from the highest to the lowest.

As always happened, once active operations finished the paper work increased and staff officers and clerks became tied to offices. I ordered that at every headquarters, officers and men would turn out on one afternoon each week and do a seven-mile run.

Better to die now . . .

This order applied to everyone under forty, and there would be no exception; those who didn't want to run the whole course could walk and trot, but they must go round the course even if they walked the whole way. There were many protests; but they all did it, even those over forty.

I remember the case of a somewhat stout old colonel who went to the doctor and said if he did the run it would kill him; the doctor brought him to see me with a recommendation that he should be excused. I asked him if he truly thought he would die if he did the run; he said yes, and I saw a hopeful look in his eye.

I then said that if he was thinking of dying it would be better to do it now, as he could be replaced easily and smoothly; it is always a nuisance if officers die when the battle starts and things are inclined to be hectic. His state of health was clearly not very good, and I preferred him to do the run and die. He did the run and so far as I know he is still alive today.

There was an urgent need to get rid of the "dead wood" which was hampering the initiative of keen and efficient young officers. There were old retired officers called up from the reserve; there were many inefficient regular officers from majors upwards who had never seen a shot fired in action and didn't want to.

All these had to be weeded out and I made it my business to do so. I visited every unit and got to know all the senior officers and many of the junior ones; one by one the inefficient and lazy departed.

Slowly but gradually a sense of urgency was instilled into the army in England, and officers and men began to understand what it was all about and to see the need for all these things. We gradually got everyone on their toes after Dunkirk.

Early in August, 1942, a large-scale exercise was to be held in Scotland and General Paget, then C.-in-C. Home Forces, suggested I should go up with him to see it. I was delighted to have an opportunity to see what other troops were doing and travelled north with Paget in Rapier, the C.-in-C.'s special train (which I was to use in 1944).

Then things began to happen: one after another, and fast. On the second day of the exercise the War Office telephoned me to return to London at once; I was to take over command of the First Army from Alexander, and begin work under Eisenhower on the plans for the landing in North Africa which was to take place in November, 1942, under the code name Torch.

It was explained to me that Alexander had already gone to Egypt to become C.-in-C. Middle East; a brigadier would meet me in London and explain the situation.

I returned to London at once, met the brigadier, who did not impress me, and then went to the War Office. I was there given more details and was told that the first thing I must do was to get Eisenhower to make a plan for the operation; time was getting on and the Chiefs of Staff could not get Eisenhower to produce his plan.

The whole thing did not sound very good to me; a big invasion operation in North Africa in three months' time, and no plan yet made. Eisenhower and I had barely met; I knew very few American soldiers and did not know how my methods would appeal to him.

The crisis of the war was approaching and great events were to unfold. I was confident of being able to handle any job successfully if I was allowed to put into practice the ideas and methods that had become my military creed, and which by now I was convinced would bring us success against the Germans.

I returned to my headquarters at Reigate hoping for the best; anyhow, I had now been two years in England—and it was time to move on.

The next morning, August 8, as I was shaving at about 7 a.m., the War Office telephoned and said the orders given me the previous day about the First Army and Operation Torch were cancelled; I was to hold myself ready to proceed to Egypt at once to take command of the Eighth Army in the desert.

Could handle Rommel

Alexander was already in Egypt and I would be serving under him. I was told later in the morning that Gott had been selected to command the Eighth Army but he had been killed, and I was to take his place.

Instead of carrying out an invasion of North Africa under a C.-in-C. whom I barely knew, I was now to serve under a C.-in-C. I knew well and to take command of an army which was at grips with a German and Italian army under the command of Rommel—of whom I had heard great things. This was much more to my liking and I felt I could handle that business, and Rommel.

It was true that I had never fought in the desert and I would have under me some very experienced generals who had been out there a long time. However, Rommel seemed to have defeated them all, and I would like to have a crack at him myself.

I was particularly glad that Alexander was to be my C.-in-C., as I knew that we would get on well together.

It was with a light heart and great confidence that I made preparations for going to Africa. Since I had few belongings, my preparations for leaving were very simple. Everything I possessed had been destroyed by enemy bombing in Portsmouth in January, 1941. I was now going to be given the opportunity to get my own back.

I left England by air on the night of August 10 and reached Gibraltar at dawn the next morning. We stayed at Gibraltar all that day and left in the evening of August 11 for Cairo. During the journey I pondered over the problems which lay ahead and reached some idea, at least in outline, of how I would set about the business.

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NEXT WEEK

I take over the Eighth Army—and disobey orders. How we smashed Rommel at Alamein

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull and Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page.

We advise...

HOW many postwar credits should one hold when tax has been paid during the whole of the period when the scheme was in operation? —F. W., Derby.

● Postwar credits were issued for each of the five years from 1941/42 to 1945/46, but many people did not receive a credit for the year 1943/44.

This was because the taxation of employees was changed to the P.A.Y.E. system at that time, and a certain amount of tax liability was forgiven.

SILENT WATERS

CAN you tell me of some way to silence lavatory cisterns?—Mrs. W. J., Stanmore, Middlesex.

● Fit a piece of rubber tubing about two feet long over the water inlet in your cistern.

Run the tube from the inlet to the bottom of the cistern and you will cut out most of the noise of running water.

A MATTER OF LIFE

HOW can I become a blood donor? —Miss A. R., Preston, Lancs.

● The use of blood transfusion for accidents, severe operations, shock anaemia, burns and childbirth has so increased that hospitals want 200,000 more donors. If you are in good health, over eighteen and under sixty-five, apply to your town hall or local hospital for the address of your Regional Blood Transfusion Service.

Before enrolment a doctor checks your health and medical history. After that you will get a call-up card at three-monthly intervals, giving the date and place of the next donor session. Mobile teams attend village halls, hospitals, factories, offices.

STAKE YOUR CLAIM

TEN years ago I married, but as I was still working, went on paying the full National Health Insurance contributions. Now I've discovered I need have paid only 3d. a week. I didn't get a notice telling me about the new rate—can I now claim a rebate?—Mrs. R. M. R., Goring, Sussex.

● Generally if a married woman who is working elects to pay contributions and informs the National Insurance Office, she is granted permission to do so.

She should, however, be told at the time that she can apply not to pay the full contribution.

Therefore, unless you were supplied with incorrect information, or were under a genuine misapprehension about your position, it is doubtful if a claim would be successful.

However, there is no reason why you shouldn't apply to the ministry for a rebate so that your case can be considered.

BEHIND THE TIMES

CAN you tell me when and in what way a subsidy was granted towards the building of a new house by private builders before the war? How do I approach a firm putting up private houses by subsidy today?—Mrs. L. G., Middlesborough.

● Under the 1923 Housing Act, there were government subsidies on the capital cost of parlour type houses built by private enterprise for sale to people in the lower income range. The subsidy was £75 per dwelling until 1927, when it dropped to £50.

The subsidy was abolished under a Housing Act of 1933. There are no such subsidies to private builders today —only on municipal housing for slum clearance, tall blocks of flats and certain expanding towns.

ONLY A WIDOW

I AM a widow with no income except my pension of £2 10s. per week. I own a small house and am enclosing my demand for ground rent. What is the tax position in my case?—Mrs. V. S., Corsham.

● You are exempt from tax yourself, but you will have to pay sufficient Schedule "A" tax to cover the amount of tax you deduct when paying the ground rent.

You are compelled to deduct tax at the full standard rate of 8s. 6d. from any payments of ground rent and you must then account to the Inland Revenue for the tax so deducted.

You are not actually bearing this tax yourself, but are merely paying over to the revenue authorities the tax which you have retained on account of the ground landlord.

THE LAND NEXT TO MINE

A PLOT of land between my bungalow and a row of cottages is continually being littered with rubbish. The plot is unfenced and the cottagers use it as a short cut and a place for hanging washing. The local council surveyor has told me he would prosecute the owner of the plot, but all attempts to trace him have failed. What can I do?—A. A., Bordon.

● Under the Litter Act, 1958, the local authority could prosecute anyone found depositing litter on the plot.

As the owner of the plot cannot be found, you might be able to persuade the council to put a notice board on the site, drawing attention to the Litter Act and threatening proceedings against offenders.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

WHEN buying a new coat I pointed out to the salesman that it was rather large and slightly soiled. He said that it would shrink to fit me and that the marks would brush off. I have since tried to return the coat for a refund, but was forced to accept a credit note instead. Could I still get ney back?—F. W., Cinderford.

● You appear to have agreed to buy the coat at your own risk. As the vendor was willing to take it back, he can make his own conditions. And by accepting the credit note you have lost your right to claim cash.

COUNTER CLAIM

AN assistant in the shop in which I am cashier and book-keeper found a £1 note on the floor near a counter. As it has not been claimed, whose property does it become?—P. S., Torquay.

● Anything found on shop premises passes into the possession of the owner of the business, and he can retain it against anyone except the rightful owner. The assistant has no claim.

WATERTIGHT?

A CLAUSE in my tenancy agreement states that the tenant "shall repair and keep the premises including fixtures in good and tenantable repair." Does this mean I am responsible for replacing a boiler which is leaking after about ten years' normal use?—S. L., Newcastle.

● The boiler would be regarded as being a landlord's fixture and you may be obliged to repair it or replace it if it is beyond repair.

If, however, the words "fair wear and tear excepted" appear in the clause you would not be liable.

RISKY LIFTS

EACH day I take three friends to work in my car, for which I hold only third party insurance. How do I stand if they are injured in an accident?—W. G., Lewes.

● Unless your third party insurance covers passengers, you would have no claim under the policy if you were sued for damages caused by negligence.

You would be wholly protected if you had written evidence to show that the passengers agreed to accept all risks.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Cleaner baths:** Tell-tale rings on the bath in hard-water areas are more a testament to old-fashioned cleaning methods than to grime. A good way to avoid them is to wipe the bath over once every couple of days with Spix, Ronuk's liquid silicone polish which forms a dirt-repellent surface on the bath and prevents rings from forming. Spix is also ideal for cleaning picture glass, restoring the gloss to paintwork after washing and for cleaning windows. It costs 2s. 6d. a bottle from hardware stores.

● **Damaged polish:** Marked french polish on tables or dressing-tables can sometimes be revived with a solution made as follows: a gill of vinegar, a gill of methylated spirits, a gill of raw linseed oil and an ounce of antimony, mixed together. Apply a little of this mixture with a soft cloth. Polish with a dry duster.

● **Portable fluorescent light:** Fluorescent lighting makes kitchen work easier by spreading more or less shadowless light throughout the room. But built-in fittings are a major work to install, and not always possible without changing your wiring system. One short cut is by using a Preston plug-in fluorescent fitting which fits into an ordinary lamp socket without any extra attachments. Scientifically balanced to hang horizontally, with stove-enamelled aluminium finish which is unaffected by humidity, Preston fittings are available in sizes from 2 ft. to 4 ft. with double or single lamps, with and without reflectors, prices from £3 7s. 6d. to £6 15s., from Preston Industrial Research, 11 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

● **Decorative tray:** You can make a beautiful tray out of an old picture frame. Back it with plywood for strength and fill it with an old print under glass.

● **Kitchen planning:** The latest development on the built-in kitchen front comes from English Rose, who are now combining the cleanliness of metal fittings with the appearance of wood. Their new "Countryman" units are made of non-rusting aluminium, and door and drawer fronts faced with laminated plastic with a wood grain. Simple knobs placed high on cupboard doors make these into most elegant fittings. If you are planning a new kitchen, write for full details to English Rose Kitchens, Ltd., Warwick, or consult a local builder.

● **Paint strainer:** Keep old nylon stockings for use as paint strainers. Lay a piece of stocking over the mouth of the tin or jar into which you are going to strain paint, allowing it to sag a little. Fix with rubber band.

● **Non-shrink furnishing tweeds** that are guaranteed are being produced by Spectrum Fabrics, Ltd., of Blackburn, Lancs. They are known as the Tweed Weave range, and are being made in six textured designs, each in five colours. Guaranteed not to alter more than one per cent in length or width, Tweed Weave fabrics are 48 in. wide, cost about 12s. 11d. a yd.

● **Hard-wearing carpet:** From Ireland comes a new reversible all-over carpeting woven of sisal. This matting is incredibly hard wearing, very easy to clean with a broom or vacuum cleaner and costs a fraction of the amount of Wilton carpet. Made in fourteen tweedy, heathery colours in eight widths, from 22½ in. to 144 in., the carpeting, called "Tintawn," is made by Irish Ropes, Ltd., Newbridge, Co. Kildare, Ireland. Available from furnishing stores.

FINAL CASH for CHRISTMAS

WHO wants a £500 Christmas-eve thrill for Fun with Words? Who wants any of the *fifty* Bullets "Telecheques" which will be arriving by G.P.O. messengers on December 24?

You do? Then see that you shoot for a cheque-plus-clock prize this week. See that you post your £500 coupon below by Monday, December 15!

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Elegant Smiths "Burway" Clocks—see coupon

WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Brighter Year	More Unemployment
In Prosperity's Fairyland	Revelry By Night
Friend Of All	Senseless
The Postman Knocked And	Eating, Eating, Eating
A Sound Investment	To Beat The Clock
General Chiang	Lost Property
Headache For The Doctor	Heading For A Crash
All Good, Clean Fun	Fish Out Of Water
Power Of America	Wanton Aggression
Science Keeps Digging, But	In The Bargain Basement

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Whatever ..... Says	Dumped In The.....
A Square.....	An Occasional.....
While They're.....	With.....To Spare

EXAMPLE ..... FEE, 6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

£3 10s. CLOCKS

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2,171 Post not later than last collection on **MON., DEC. 15**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

Signed.....

Address.....

P.O. Value.....

No.....

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LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,166 Result: **£1,000** or "Christmas Cheques" Award as offered: J. A. Bridges, East St., Pembridge:

Act Of Kindness—Anonymous? "In *HIS* Name."

£50 T. J. Pimbley, 24 Mile House Lane, St. Albans: In My Old Suit—Tram-ticket, Farthing—*Comb*!

£25 F. Sadler, Balranald, Brora: Deep In The Jungle — Man — *Christmas-tree* Offers "Ladder."

£20 B. Bell, 26 Darragh Road, Comber, Ireland: The Conquering Comet—Bluebird, Vanwall —"Rocketed" *Britain*!

£15 H. C. Spink, 61 Alma Avenue, Hornchurch: A Ghastly Hag—On Science's "New Broom"!

£10 J. Worrall, 2 The Square, Chapel Road, Penketh, Warrington: Fighting For Recognition—Then Daren't Leave Stage-door!

£9 L. W. Chester, 11 Owen Street, Coalville: Act Of Kindness—Removed "Mountain"—Brought "Lump."

£8 D. Cleaver, 4 Leesland Road, Gosport: The Conquering Comet—Lighting John's Christmas Cigar!

£7 N. J. Fishlock, 86 Hartley Down, Purley: Grabbed His Opportunity—Meals, Sleep—Result, *Seizure*!

£6 Miss M. Davies, 1 Abergiedd Road, Ystradgynlais: Fighting for Urchins—Duke—*Presenting* "Green Belts."

£5 A. T. A. Frost, 38 Lower Coniston Avenue, Headington: A Ghastly Thought — 600,000,000 Belligerent Chinese—*"One"*!

3,170 other Awards have also been posted.

Expert comments on winning Bullets are in "Competitors' Journal" each Monday.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated January 17), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 3, for early news of No. 2,171 result.)

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Bullets 2,171, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

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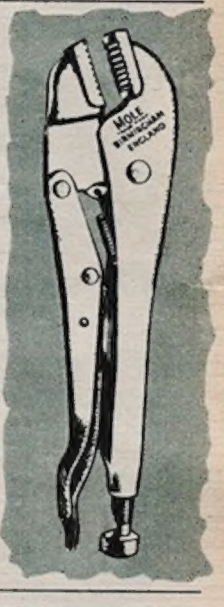

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